

WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

WILFRED KITCHING, General

W. WYCLIFFE BOOTH, Commissioner

# THE WAR CRY

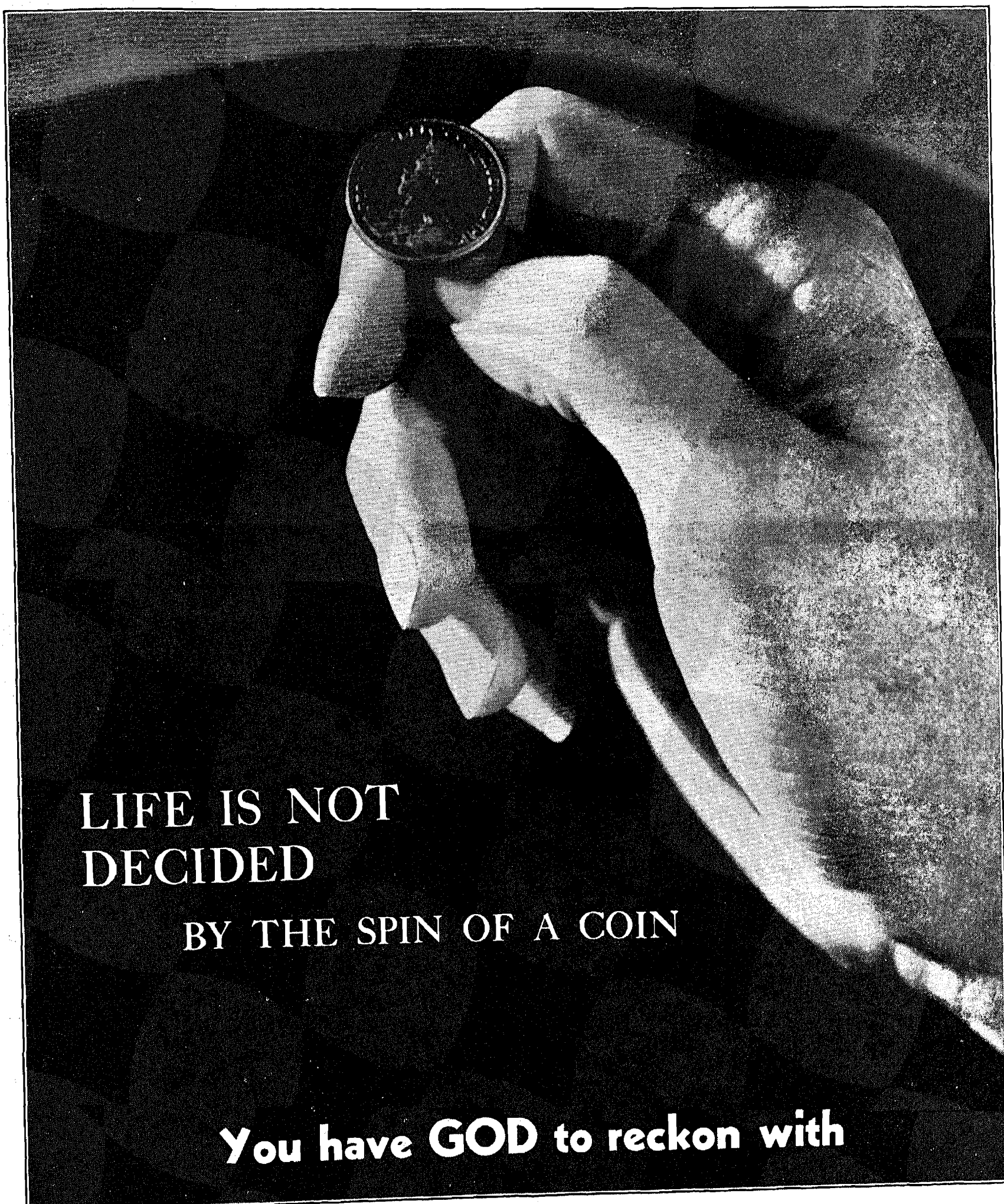


OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND BERMUDA

No. 3899

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1959

Price Ten Cents



LIFE IS NOT  
DECIDED

BY THE SPIN OF A COIN

**You have GOD to reckon with**

**"GAMBLING HARDENS HEARTS"**

—

(See the story on page three)

## EDITORIALS

ON TOPICS OF IMPORTANCE IN THE

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL REALM

### A PRELUDE TO HEAVEN

WRITING from Tunbridge Wells, England, Brother Horace Mann, a comrade of the corps, sends along a beautiful description his wife wrote of a favourite walk of hers, just prior to answering the Home Call in April of this year. Mrs. Mann was a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Spooner, who once served in Canada, and she was born in Montreal. Mr. Mann writes to say he is doing his best at eighty-four years of age, to serve the Lord in Rosemead (an Army home) by presiding at the organ or piano at services.

The following description was left in a book of devotions, and was found after Mrs. Mann "fell asleep in Jesus":

"I loved it, especially the year to which I am referring. The undergrowth had been cleared, and there was a clear view through the trees, and sumptuous patches of grass, suggesting a Davidical writer and his Biblical sheep.

#### Sense of Comfort and Peace

"If I had language I could put what I felt into words; if I was musical I could put my thoughts into song; but I am neither a poet nor a musician so how can I convey to you the sense of comfort, of peace and wellbeing that came to me by just walking down Constitutional Hill Road?

On this particular day one looked through the trees as if they were the columns of a temple or a scenic backcloth, with their tapered grey trunks silver in the shadowlight, their tops feathery, spring-green and the chestnut blossom just bursting out; the doves, some who shot through the air to the ground, some who glided on outstretched wings, others who sang with ecstasy, others who courted valiantly.

"The soft, south-west wind caressed one's face and played with the loose tendrils of hair and made mockery of one's age as it gently urged one on and on, just gazing upward through the trees straight to the blue heavens above, taking in all their inspiration, clear on a glorious Easter Sunday morning.

#### Another Memory

"The church steeple could just be seen through the gently swaying tree tops, and the vicar's curate would be there with others, waiting for the early morning communicants. But I... I had seen my Lord, had gazed upon His face, had felt His touch upon my spirit, had walked with Him down through the common, already, that Easter Sunday morning, and it would be another memory never to be forgotten in the issue of the struggle against the small things, the daily irritations that seem to be my constant burden."

"Made like Him, like Him we rise,  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
Hallelujah."

Maud Mann (Mrs.)

### Historian Believes Atheism Doomed

(A Guest Editorial)

ONE of the most brilliant minds of this generation is that of Dr. Arnold Toynbee, the creator of the ten volumes of *A Study of History*. It is a massive work that engaged the author for some thirty years, and has been hailed by critics and others as no other similar work has since Gibbon produced his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire".

Now, at the age of seventy, Dr. Toynbee has made some interesting observations in an interview with the *Manchester Guardian*. One of these was that he believed "the old religions will still have the last word over Communism." Their strength, he argued, was that, unlike other ideologies, they "do something for the individual who wants help in his personal troubles." How true this statement is we all know, though one sometimes wishes that men like Dr. Toynbee would go a little further and point out that we can only find surcease from our troubles, cleansing from our sins, and peace for our restless, haunted hearts in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Toynbee also made another pointed remark that interested us, since it concerned his method in the craft of writing. His principle was to begin writing immediately he had an idea and sufficient information even if it meant altering his

draft later. "I think in terms of action rather than perfection which, anyway, is unattainable."

That is the observation that particularly interested us. Perfection as an ideal may be all right, but when it inhibits action it is all wrong. There are too many people who want an impossible perfection and end up doing nothing. It was something like this that troubled Hamlet when his "native hue of resolution was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and in the end lost the name of action.

We live in an imperfect world. Most of us are reminded of this when we look at our friends, but alas, too seldom when we look at ourselves. If we wait until we reach "perfection's sacred height" before we undertake the tasks and duties God has given us they will never be done.—*Evangelical Christian*

#### THE WORTH OF A SOUL

SOMEBODY once asked: "What is a man?" The answer was: "He is the image of God. He will be like an angel in glorious immortality, for Christ died for him in order to save him and give him power to become a son of God. His soul is worth more than the whole world. As an instrument of God he can do great things for His kingdom."

### FROM TEMPEST TO CALM



THE CHRIST "REBUKED THE WIND, AND SAID UNTO THE SEA, 'PEACE, BE STILL'."



THE SPIRIT OF A PERSON may be broken by sin or crushed in life's tempests, making it difficult for him to rise. But there is One, even Christ, who can quiet the tempest and speak peace to the soul, bringing relief to both mind and body.

### A WIDE-SPREAD EVIL

THE extent and power of the intoxicating liquor trade today is both continental and world-wide, and by far the largest base of its operations is the North American continent. This is the claim made by Dr. J. R. Mutchmor, in *The Advocate*, a temperance journal. This United Church social service leader says:

"In order to strengthen itself abroad and at home the liquor trade is becoming increasingly powerful and monopolistic. There are now only three or four big distillers, who have absorbed smaller firms.

"The extent of the 'traffic' is indicated by the amazing fact that the beverage business spends something like 500 million dollars on the advertising of beer, wine and spiritous liquors.

#### An Amazing Sum

"The advertising, not published in Ontario until recently, is beamed at young people and married couples chiefly, and now appears in many periodicals.

"Another factor in the present high-powered thrust in the liquor trade monopolies is bigger profits. The drive for bigger profits has resulted in the leading distillers putting on the market an increasing volume of grain alcohol. Gin, for example, is 100 per cent grain alcohol.

"Vodka has been known in Canada and particularly in Quebec, from early days. Canadians have called it whisky blanc. This type of liquor now is dressed up as a society drink and widely advertised because of the high profits to be obtained from sale.

"Further evidence of the distillers' and brewers' drive for ever-increasing profits is evident in their continued and high-pressure demands for lower taxes. It is strange to note that having promised the American and Canadian people that the return of package sale and on-premises drinking would do away with bootlegging, the bootlegging is now used as the chief argument for lower taxes."

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE

EVERY human life is a force in this world. On every side our influence pours perpetually. If our lives are true and good, this influence is a blessing to other lives. Let us never set agoing any influence which we shall ever want to have gathered up and buried with us.

When we think of our personal influence, unconscious, perpetual, pervading and immortal, can we but cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things"? How can we command this outflow from our lives that it shall always be blessed?

Let us be faithful in all duties, in all obligations and responsibilities, in all obediences, in act, word and disposition, all the days, in whatever makes influence. In no other way can we meet the responsibility of living.

# GAMBLING HARDENS HEARTS

**G**AMBLING is rooted in covetousness, and therefore breaks the Tenth Commandment. The whole law of God is summed up in the word "love." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . and thy neighbour as thyself." But gambling breaks both points of this law. It is a sin against God, because it is mammon worship, and Christ has declared most emphatically that we cannot serve God and mammon. And it is a sin against our neighbour because it is an attempt to make personal gain at the expense of our neighbour's unwilling loss.

The unsettling effect of gambling on the gambler is recognized as a source of lowered efficiency in workers, it has ill effects on legitimate business, is also the foe of clean sport, corrupting and degrading every game with which it becomes associated. Gambling is well known as a fruitful source of crime. Many a man is in jail because gambling has led him astray.

Much human wretchedness has come from gambling too. A woman, dying in a hospital, said this of her gambling husband: "When he wins he drinks and stops work, and when he loses he is so disagreeable there is no living with him, and the children are afraid to come in even for meals. Win or lose, there's never a penny extra for clothes or boots for me or for them, or for a bit of holiday for any of us. It's all sin and wickedness from beginning to end."

Probably dice are the oldest implements of gaming. Homer, twenty-six centuries ago, refers to a murder resulting from dice. All of us are familiar with the Bible story of the Roman soldiers' gambling for the Saviour's garment, indifferent to the suffering of the Son of God, whom they had nailed to a cross a few feet away.

During the nineteenth century nearly all of the gambling resorts of Germany were closed, leaving Monaco as one of the few such places in Europe. In the same century lotteries were also prohibited by England, France, Belgium, and Sweden. Legislation against gambling in the United States began in 1833, when both Massachusetts and New York abolished lotteries; most of the other states followed within two decades. Louisiana acted in 1890, although the Louisiana Lottery Company offered \$1,250,000 a year for the continuation of its state charter privileges.

That year the U.S.A. Federal Government enacted its first and only law against gambling and, encouraged by this act, twenty states adopted constitutional amendments against lotteries, five states against race-track gambling, and Louisiana against all forms of gambling. At

present, Nevada is the only state in the Union to legalize general gambling, which is conducted by persons who pay heavy licenses, imposed for state revenue.

In Canada lotteries are illegal, but the "Irish Sweepstake" manages, somehow, to extract millions from the people's pockets, while a few get large prizes.

The Bible is against getting something for nothing in the realm of material things, except as it is received as a gift voluntarily given. There are many verses that speak of the value of honest work, and therefore imply that gambling, or getting something for nothing is wrong.—*Sunday School Times*.

## CAN I BE A CHRISTIAN AND GAMBLE?

**T**HE Christian is pressed on every side in this matter of gambling. He meets, moreover, many who claim gambling is not wrong "in itself." What is he to believe? He knows that he should have nothing to do with gambling, but are there really good reasons why he should isolate himself from a practice in which so many seem to join and

**THE CALLOUS** spirit of gambling is revealed in this picture—a section cut from a painting of the Crucifixion. The Roman soldiers are entirely indifferent to the sufferings of the Sinless One, and are casually throwing dice to see who will win the garments of the Saviour of the World. The accompanying article speaks not only of the growing menace of betting, but of its power to destroy feelings of sympathy and love in the human heart.



tuilian, wrote: "If you say you are a Christian when you are a dice player, you say that you are what you are not, for you are a partner of the world." From a book published in the 17th century: "Gambling is an enchanting witchery, an itching dis-

consequences, deterioration of character, inducement to crime, and the prevalence of fraudulent practice. Home life is often demoralized, first by the desire for easy money, which seldom comes, then by frequent quarrels, unhappiness, discontent and dishonesty. The gambler is a slave to his passion to risk and win. The fascination is the winning of money from others. As the passion grows, the ugly spirit of covetousness gains a tighter grip on the soul.

Some people gamble innocently, and do not realize the evil; they have no conscience on the matter, yet money to the Christian is regarded as a trust from God and he feels a sense of stewardship towards it. The Bible says that "we should do all to the glory of God." Can we gamble our money and can we win the money of others to the glory of God?

Christian life is based on God's love and care, not on luck. Luck is regarded by those who gamble as a kind of fate. The word "fortunate" is not to be found in the New Testament and where do we find gambling in the New Testament? It is at the foot of the Cross; while Jesus died for the world, the gamblers cast lots for His garments.

If you are looking for someone to be your partner in business, would you look for a gambler? Would you want any of your family to marry a person who gambled? It is true that sincere men gamble, but that does not make it right. Sincere men owned slaves until the light of the Gospel showed them that this practice was not the way of the Master.

As the Christian avoids filth and lies, dishonesty and bad temper, so he will avoid the lottery, the pools, the raffle, the dice and games used for gambling.—Geo. Carpenter, Major (Australia)

## A Growing Menace Exposed (OUR FRONT-PAGE ARTICLE)

which, apart from a few sad cases, appears to be harmless enough?

**DEFINITION:** Gambling is trying to obtain from another something for which we render no return. Or, to state the matter more fully, gambling is an agreement among people to exchange property on the basis of chance. The gain of the winner is at the expense of the loser and is secured without the giving of any service or value in exchange.

The four principal types of gambling are:

1. **Gaming:** playing for money in a game of chance.
2. **Betting:** staking money on a future event the issue of which is doubtful and unknown to the parties concerned.
3. **Lottery:** the distribution of prizes by lot or chance.
4. **Gambling speculation:** manipulation in business matters which gives no service and merely seeks to enrich the speculator at the expense of others.

Gambling was known in all of the old civilizations. The Romans gambled. In the ruins of Pompeii vivid pictures of gambling with fighting following have been found. Loaded dice for cheating have been found there. Gambling in the Roman world was linked with fraud.

The early Christian father, Ter-

ease, it hath the ill property of making a man incapable of prosecuting any serious action and makes him always unsatisfied with his condition."

Gambling is sometimes described as an instinct. However, this will not do, especially as the word is being limited more and more. It may be more accurately described as a propensity associated with the element of risk; a fascination with an obsession to win. The pastime is rooted in selfishness, and I invite the reader to consider the definition together with the four principal types of gambling given earlier, and see if he can successfully deny that it is selfish. As one observer has said, "Gambling is entirely self-regarding. The fascination is that of gain and self."

Why do people indulge? One of the reasons is mass exploitation of the gambling weakness which works like this: Advertise, turn the spotlight on the big prize-winners and lure the simple on with more attractive advertisements; now the gambler is captured; he is quite helpless, in the grip of a craze, a passion, a fever, sometimes even a frenzy, and nothing but the power of God can deliver him from this enslavement.

Gambling leads to serious social

ONE OF A SERIES OF STORIES OF FALLEN HUMANITY  
RAISED TO NEWNESS OF LIFE BY THE GRACE OF GOD

# Reclaimed!

**SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER 1**  
Trevor Hansen, talented musician, left the dance band in which he was employed and formed his own aggregation. He married, and life looked rosy for him. His love for drink, however, brought quarrels with his wife and growing incompetence in his profession.

## CHAPTER TWO

It was with something of relief that Trevor heard over the air one night that England had declared war on Germany, and that there was every likelihood of Canada following suit within the next few days. And so it was. As soon as he heard that recruits were being accepted by the Canadian militia, Trevor broke the news to his wife that he was going to enlist. Michelle glared at him in the fashion he had grown to know so well.

"Well, I hope you make something of your life in the military", she said snappily. "You are certainly going out of the way to make a mess of it here."

Trevor's temper rose.

"That is not fair, Michelle" he said. "Haven't I given you every luxury a girl could desire?"

But Michelle had flung herself out of the room, and he found himself talking to the empty air.

In his heart of hearts Trevor thought that by enlisting, by taking himself completely out of his daily routine which he realized was making him descend to alcoholism—he would find it easy to make a fresh start and cut down on his liquor consumption.

How many hundreds of men have made the same mistake. They always forget that whether they go to the North Pole or to the Equator they carry their own cravings and longings with them. So Trevor found that, even in the busy life of a soldier, marching at the head of a battalion by day (he had joined up with the band) engaging in physical exercises, route marches, drills, and manoeuvres, the fierce craving for alcohol never left him. As soon as he was free in the evening he would make a beeline for the nearest bar (so long as he was in Canada) and the nearest pub (as soon as he got to England.)

What made matters worse was that he seldom heard from his wife and, when he did hear, her letter was full of complaints. His separation allowance was not nearly enough for her to keep up her expensive tastes, and what was this she heard about him drinking and disgracing his uniform in England?

After awhile her letters ceased altogether, and Trevor plunged more

and more into the maelstrom of liquor. Now he was drinking to drown his misery. Gone was the light-hearted, popular youth of a few years before. In his place was a solemn hard-bitten individual. He never laughed until he was excited by the effects of liquor.

It was a welcome break in monotony for Trevor to hear that his battalion was taking part in the invasion of France. He had been transferred from the band by this time, as his drunken habits did not make him a reliable bandsman, and he had learned how to handle a rifle.

His nerves were all a-jitter as the landing boats took off from the coast of southern England, and chugged their way across the channel. He had not been allowed to get

on to the sands just as they did, yelling and firing as he ran up the slope.

He was one of the first to go down. A searing pain in the shoulder made him scream aloud and he collapsed on to the wet sand clutching at his blood-stained tunic. Merciful blackness closed over him and, when he opened his eyes, he thanked God that he was out of that screaming hell and in a quiet hospital ward.

Almost a year in England, and he was discharged as medically unfit and sent back to Canada, where he was allocated to the *Shaugnessey Hospital* in Vancouver, a military institution.

Trevor's first act was to send for

## A Musician's Temptations

out to his favourite pub to assuage his craving for drink.

For the first time in many years he found himself thinking serious, solemn thoughts. What would happen to him if he were killed? Religion had always been the least of his worries. He never had time for church, for he was either sleeping off the effects of the drink on Sunday, or else rehearsing with the band, or playing some game. Now, for the first time, he realized that there was a possibility of a hereafter.

### Memories From the Past

The words of warning his parents had uttered from time to time might, after all, have some truth in them. Little remembered words of Scripture came flashing into his mind—verses he had learned as golden texts in the Sunday school years before. One seemed to haunt him. The words were, "Prepare to meet thy God" and he thought wryly that, as much as he would like to prepare to meet God, he hadn't the slightest idea how to go about it.

Here was the coast of Normandy, and boat after boat was pushing up on to the sand and disgorging its load of yelling, firing soldiers, while from the cliffs above came the angry rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns and the occasional flash of a Bren gun or the whine of a shell.

Trevor's teeth were chattering like castanets. What wouldn't he give for a swig of whiskey? He had to go through with it. Grasping his rifle, making sure that the magazine was full of cartridges, he took his place behind the others and leaped

the chaplain of the hospital, and ask him to make enquiries about his wife. He had not heard from her, as we have said, and he had an ominous feeling that all was not well. His fears were justified. The chaplain returned with a grave face to say she refused to live with him any longer; in fact she was suing for a divorce on the grounds of "mental cruelty".

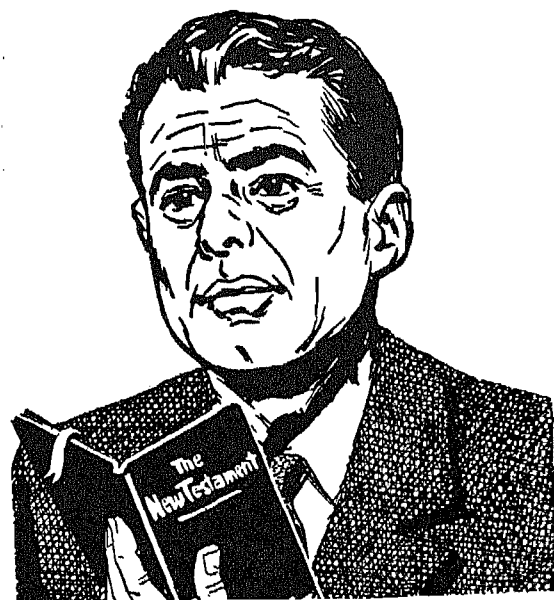
Trevor laughed bitterly. He felt he had been the victim of any mental cruelty that had existed between them, but what was the use? A drunkard, least of all, could convince any judge that he had been in the right.

"Tell her I will give her a divorce," he said recklessly, and resolved at that moment that the only thing life held for him was the bottle.

Before he finally settled down into that abyss of hopelessness that characterized him in later years, he did make a try of it. He had a certain amount of gratuity coming to him from the military and he felt that, perhaps, if he could get out into the country, in God's fresh, bracing air, and live the life of a farmer he might throw off the craving for drink. He invested in a poultry farm, and for a time became engrossed in the fascinating life of a chicken farmer. But he found out that drinking and hard work do not go together, and he soon gave up the unequal struggle.

During the next year or two, his descent, which had before been gradual, became accelerated.

He became a drifter. He did make an attempt to keep in some kind of employment for a few years. His



talent for cooking came in handy, and his love of adventure caused him to apply for the position of cook on yachts belonging to well-to-do men in Vancouver. There, again, his drinking did not mix with culinary pursuits and he was thrown out of job after job. He even worked in coal mines; he shovelled snow off sidewalks, he cleaned windows. He did all sorts of odd jobs.

### Pronounced Incurable

Seeing life had nothing for him, he made no attempt to limit his drinking and time and time again he became hopelessly drunk. Six times he landed in the alcoholic clinic of the Essondale Hospital and, finally, the psychiatrist told him there was no use in his coming back. He was an incurable alcoholic.

This was when he hit skid-row with a bang. He found to his sad joy that there were men exactly like himself, men who would not look at him in disgust if he did nothing but drink all day. They lived in a place called the jungle, under the bridges around Vancouver, and they welcomed him indifferently to their select society. He noticed that they kept slightly warm at night by covering themselves with old newspapers they had scrounged, and big sheets of cardboard to use as mattresses. They had an unfailing way of getting a bottle of wine every morning. They simply shuffled their way along the streets leading from the water front, and begged money from any prosperous looking passer-by. They seldom failed to dig up enough to buy a bottle between them. With this they would drift back to their haunts, drink until they were stupefied and sleep until next morning, when the routine would be repeated.

It is true that "the way of the transgressor is hard". Ask Trevor, he knows! Some nights, even the sedative effect of the alcohol could not keep out the piercing cold, and Trevor would rise painfully to his feet and commence to shuffle up and down, walking the whole night through in order to keep warm, longing for day-break when the people would begin to move about and he could beg more money for more wine.

Then came a glorious morning. Trevor remembers the date. It was July 19th, 1954, and he was sitting in Victory Square, on one of the benches that a benign government provides for those who have nothing

(Continued on page 8)

# THE TRANSFORMATION OF AN OUTPORT

By ENVOY R. W. ABBOTT, Newfoundland

(continued from last week)

## HOW THE STORY BEGAN

The writer speaks in the first chapter of being challenged by Newfoundland's leaders to take charge of a hard corps—a place where the work had been difficult and discouraging for years, and where the hall was a forbidding building. The Envoy and his wife set to work, in faith and with prayer, to revive interest in God and the Army. This accomplished, they began to plan for a new building. It was a great day when the actual start was made, the comrades working themselves.

**W**HILE we were on our furlough that summer, work continued on the building and, before we got back to the corps, the comrades had the roof on—beautifully covered with light-blue shingles!

We continued the work on the hall until October, then the money for materials was all spent, and we had to cease work. Now it seemed as if all our toil was mocking us! I called a meeting and, after much discussion, it looked as if we were going to have to quit for a long time. We could not see our way clear to raise money from any source. We closed the meeting with prayer, holding on in faith. Before the prayer was finished it seemed as if a message from God's Word was placed before me, and I read it out, then I suggested we should ask the local firm for material on credit, also for their carpenter to make us window fittings, so that we would be able to make our building weatherproof for the winter months.

The next day I went to see the manager. He at once, without question, said, "You may have anything you need, and what we do not have

here, we shall get for you!"—all this without any contract or written terms! I thanked him sincerely and came out of his office relieved. I at once called the committee together and told them of the man's kind offer. They were jubilant. The windows and other materials were obtained, and all were in place before Christmas. The building was then closed up, because of severe frost and snow.

Early in the spring we began in earnest to work again, this time on the interior. I visited part of the day, and worked in the building as often as I could, without neglecting my school work. We had to dispense with some of the week-night meetings while the work was going on, so that we might get the building completed in time for the spring.

## An Important Announcement

The first Sunday in May, 1956, one year after the work began, I was pleased to announce that we were going to open our new citadel in June and that the Provincial Commander would officiate. We finished the last night in the old building with mixed feelings of sadness and joy. I allowed an extra lengthy testimony period so that all who desired to say something about their conversion and tell of the blessings they had received in the old hall might do so.

The following week what preparations were made to get everything in readiness. Most of the comrades had ordered new uniforms



A TYPICAL OPEN-AIR MEETING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

and many brought gifts for the citadel. It was a proper "clean-up week" around every place, for it was really a new life in that outpost. Something had happened—a dream that most said would never become a reality.

Sunday morning June 2nd, 1956, dawned—a lovely day. Early in the morning people began arriving by car from adjoining towns. Colonel A. Dalziel's car drove up—he was all smiles. Soon the Botwood Citadel Band arrived and the 11.00 o'clock holiness service was held outdoors. This was preceded by a march of witness, in which some 200 or more Salvationists marched through part of the town led by the band. The meeting was broadcast over a public address system and many people who could not get out to the meeting heard it in their homes.

In the afternoon, the people gathered from far and near. Led by the Grand Falls Citadel Band, a detachment of the R.C.M.P., a contingent from the Canadian Legion, officers, soldiers and young people's corps members, then the general public assembled on the parade grounds and marched to the new citadel, which was gaily decorated with the Union Jack and Army flags.

After prayer, the Colonel cut the tricoloured ribbon, turned the key and we entered the beautiful white building. Soon it was filled to capacity. The CBC had set up its equipment. Magistrate B. J. Abbott was chairman, and the service began. The Colonel officially opened and dedicated the building and designated it the "Petersview Corps". This was to be its new name; the old "Peter's Arm South" was gone for ever.

The seven o'clock meeting began with a full citadel, 400 persons. That night many knelt at the mercy-seat, including an old man of seventy. Among the seekers was the man who had helped me to set the mercy-seat in its place. He had never been saved before!

During our term at Petersview God helped us do many things, including the renovation of the officers' quarters. The five-room school belonging to the Army was completed, many souls were saved and the number of soldiers was increased to eighty-two. We enrolled eighteen corps cadets, twenty-four songsters, thirty-two singing company members and the young peo-

ple's attendance increased to 201.

Included in our fund-raising campaigns was money for our citadel and school, the annual Harvest Festival, and Self-Denial, also the saving league. A new Salvation Army cemetery was opened and consecrated. Besides all the corps activities and school work, with 215 pupils, the community welfare committee, of which I was appointed the president, saw much progress made in road improvements, and postal and telephone facilities were obtained for the first time. In April we were delighted to welcome electricity to the community. I cannot thank God enough for His wonderful help in leading us along from such small, hard beginnings to the light of His love, and glorious day.

I cannot close this simple story without referring to a trophy of grace—a prisoner who had served his sentence. He had a wife and large family, but was reckless and sinful, and cared little for them or anything good. After his release from prison he came back to his poor home, out of work and much ashamed. I called to see him and assigned him a small duty—that of providing kindling for the fire on Sunday morning at the old citadel. He did it willingly and told me afterwards that it was his first attendance at church since he was a small boy.

A few Sunday nights after he got converted and, later, I enrolled him as a soldier. His wife and some of his children also linked up. He got a carpenter's job, cleaned up his small home, and all things were different.

I had no intention of writing this story but, after several requests and a strong urge to review what God really can do for those who trust Him, I decided to write it, giving all the glory to God.

THE END

## MORE ACCEPTED CANDIDATES

For The Newfoundland "Greathearts" Session



Mamie Farewell

MAMIE FAREWELL, of St. John's Citadel, was born and reared in Creston, Nfld., and was converted at the age of seven. Following her graduation from high school, she moved to St. John's, settling at the Citadel Corps. She is a higher grade corps cadet, testifies to the blessing of holiness, and looks forward to the joy of full-time service for God and the Army.

JOSEPH GOULDING, was born in Gambo, Nfld. He was converted in a salvation meeting six years ago, and was enrolled as a junior and senior soldier. He was the means of commencing the family altar in his home. He is a



Joseph Goulding

bandsman and a company guard at the Dark Cove Outpost. He became aware of God's call to officership in a youth council meeting, and rejoices in having led his father to know Christ as Saviour. He is joyfully anticipating officership.

RUTH YOUNG, was born in Twillingate, Nfld., where she graduated from high school. She was converted at the age of eleven and, three years later, was enrolled as a senior soldier. She has been conscious of God's call to full-time service for some time, but it was in a Sunday evening meeting in November of last year that she was willing to say, "Where Christ leads me, I will follow."



Ruth Young

Detach here

Territorial Education Secretary,  
84 Davisville Ave.,  
Toronto 7, Ontario.

Date.....  
Please forward your brochure of  
correspondence courses, giving  
synopses and prices.

Name .....

Address .....



A Page of Interest To Women

# Around the Home

## THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

By ALMA MASON

FOUR soul-stirring lines from Kipling's "IF" read as follows:

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about don't deal in lies; or being hated don't give way to hating, and yet don't look too good nor talk too wise—"

It often takes three-score years and ten of confused living to learn the full meaning of this philosophy; then it is almost too late to benefit by the application of it.

How difficult it is to be patient, to not bear resentment when we hear an untruth uttered against us; to meet hatred with serenity and even with love. What a task confronts us when we attempt to keep calm and unruffled in the face of unjust accusations and falsehoods.

Many people are patient and meek, but lack the backbone of staunch virility of purpose. True patience is not allied with lack of character. It accompanies fortitude and foresight, and vigour of thought and action. Its true strength finds its source in Christian faith. It then achieves a determined quiet direction that never branches from the main straight highway of virtuous authority and wise administration.

None of the world's profound benefits have been gained and bestowed on humanity without long years of persistent and patient application to duty on the part of the

benefactors. Biographers all recount and trace a silver thread of persistent patience in the sheen of their complete tapestries. The terrible plagues of illness which used to sweep the globe have been outlawed by the quiet sacrificial patience of those who devoted lifetimes to medical research. Our stirring symphonic music, our operas found birth in the lives of composers who toiled far into the weary night and often sold compositions for a loaf of bread. They were usually forced to

## LET US LEARN TO RECEIVE AS WELL AS GIVE

"T'S so good to have something to give you," said the elderly friend as she placed a bouquet of sweet peas in my hand. "Please don't bring me anything in return. Just let me remember the fun of giving you these," she added wistfully.

Looking at her sweet face I remembered how often I had come to the door with a slice of cake or to ask if I might run an errand for her since she no longer drives.

Kept indoors by frail health much of the time, she did tend her glorious hedge of sweet peas with the help of a neighbour who tied the long strands to the tall fence.



How beautiful the blossoms looked to all who passed by, and how we had wondered if a late snow with the white flakes falling on the pink, blue and lavender blossoms would destroy their fragile beauty.

Somehow the flowers had survived, even as our friend had managed to rise above the cold discouragements of illness, accident and loss.

Now she was taking great joy in seeing that I had a bouquet of her lovely sweet peas. She had signalled to me from her chair by the window to come into the yard to pick all I could carry, for the limited strength in her hands did not permit her to pluck the blossoms.

Even as I cut the long stems and enjoyed the sweet fragrance of the large blossoms, I planned how I would leave the flowers with her. But she had turned them all over to me to use as I chose.

So naturally I was wondering what to take to her in return.

But she had sensed what was in my mind as I mentally calculated the cookies I would leave with her later. Silently I was taking some of the edge off the joy of this moment for both of us.

For this friend truly wanted to be able to make a gift to me and to others, even as we had sometimes made them to her. Now whenever I go to this house to accept her invitation to pick sweet peas for a centerpiece, I go with a heart ready to accept gladly all that her gift of beauty means.

Together we enjoy the abundant beauty of the blossoms which have followed God's laws of growth for the garden. And now I know that if my neighbour is to have the joy in the giving, then I must have joy in the receiving. For the offering and the taking make the balanced gift.—  
Ruth C. Ikerman.

The War Cry, Chicago

deavour have this dedicated and radiant patience forever imprinted on their brows.

David left us immortal verses on patience and the reward of submissive endurance when he said, "Rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him; fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way. Those that wait patiently on the Lord shall inherit the earth."

To watch when others forge ahead,  
To wait with quiet fortitude,  
To eat a lowly crust of bread,  
Yet always live with gratitude,

To take the scoffing of the crowd  
And not be wounded by its tone,  
To smile and even laugh aloud  
And walk in patience all alone,

Will mould a faith beyond compare;  
Will tinge with beauty and make whole;  
Will lift a life from dark despair;  
Will shape a fair and gallant soul.



PROPER GENTLEMEN! Every time the boys from the Gibbs School, Collingham-gardens, Kensington—shown above—cross the road on their daily school walk, they politely raise their caps in thanks to policemen who see them safely over. The caps-off courtesy is also intended for drivers who stop for the children. The boys perform their "salute" without any prompting from their teacher (so it is said).

bear much derision and ridicule.

Great and courageous patience has usually accompanied the efforts of artists. They so often live and create masterpieces without receiving commendation and approval, believing steadfastly in their own ability to fashion and bequeath on canvas passionate and stimulating beauty. We know and love such a man. Through partial blindness and other physical ills and perpetual grief and frustration he has wielded an inspired and enchanting brush. We are convinced that he is creating masterpieces that will live and breathe exquisite loveliness through untold centuries. He is not rich as the world knows riches but he is rich in resolute patience and humility.

Godly patience found in lowly places extends into a lofty mountain of virtue and a temple of fame in the eyes of God. It climbs upwards unperturbed by lies and deceit. It

surmounts all base instincts and all affliction caused by the bludgeoning of those who would debase and revile it. It is like unto the patience of Jesus.

It is the kind of patience that stands back when others are given preference; that rejoices in the success of others; that plays second fiddle when others less capable are playing first; that is sweet when there is nothing to be sweet about; that is cheerful when set aside and neglected.

Kipling speaks of untiring patience—the patience born of the ability to wait and not be tired by waiting, uncomplaining patience that trusts to the gradual unfolding of God's plan rather than to the hasty fulfilment of man's. The lives of many older folk have gathered such patience to themselves. Long suffering invalids have acquired it. Those who have climbed to lofty and Christ-like elevations of en-

## Try These Suggestions . . .

Do you like sugar in your after dinner coffee? If you do you will like the sweet and unusual flavour a marshmallow gives to coffee. Stir one in just as you would sugar.

Why not bake a few apples with a sweet potato or two around the week-end roast? The flavour of the gravy will be something you will never forget.

When the unexpected guest drops in for lunch don't be upset. Some sliced hard-boiled eggs arranged on buttered toast covered with thickened tinned soup will solve any lunch problem.

Ever tried chocolate junket? Teamed with sliced bananas and chopped walnuts it's quite a sweet. You will need one ounce of chocolate dissolved in the milk for a pint of junket. Don't forget the vanilla. It's a favourite with young and old alike.

Cabbage salad is the main dish when you add chopped tongue or ham and raw onions. A little chopped mint mixed through the salad will add an extra interest in flavour. Follow with hot biscuits and jelly.

# THEY LEARN ON MOUTHPIECES

With the recent establishment of Army work in New Guinea, it was inevitable that, in time, bands would be formed. The following is an account of some pioneering experiences in this field.

**P**IONEERING any venture brings a crop of "firsts" as each new stage is reached, and brass banding is no exception. The first brass instrument to appear, as perhaps would be expected, was a lone cornet.

Later, another cornet came into use and for some time duets were the order of the day on each and every occasion the "band" was used. The one exception to all this "duetting" was at each Sunday morning meeting at Kila Native Constabulary Depot, where we were joined by several of the constabulary (native) bandsmen, mission lads who brought their instruments and helped us. They proved most versatile too, one or two in particular giving creditable performance on saxophone, tenor horn, euphonium or bass as required.

## Instruments Outnumber Bandmen

But to return to our own Salvation Army band. A trombone and a tenor horn arrived almost simultaneously, and for a short time, and probably the only time, we had more instruments than bandmen. A third bandman had joined us and for a long time we "trio-ed," two cornets, with sometimes a horn and on other occasions the trombone.

Then a bass arrived, but the Lord had already spoken to a couple of ex-constabulary Papuan bandmen, and after a period of recruitment they took the two vacant instruments, one on horn and the other on bass. Soon after, the bass drum came from the deep south, and we felt that at last we were really "Army."

Meanwhile God's voice had been heard by quite a number of the local Papuans (quite apart from the students at Sogeri who are rather isolated and therefore precluded from anything in the nature of banding), and soon these local recruits were pressing to learn the art of bass instrument playing.

We were reluctant to begin anything prematurely and all available instruments were in use.

However, it was felt that the matter could not be postponed further, and a learners' class was started.

A dozen of the lads have been keenly consistent in their attendance at these classes, despite the

fact that it has been made clear that there are no instruments available for the time being. In an endeavour to hold their interest they have been handed mouthpieces and on these they are being instructed in note production. It says much for their enthusiasm that they persevere, especially as there are insufficient mouthpieces to go around and must needs be shared. This they do happily, arranging among themselves to share between two who live in the same compound or the same living quarters.—*Envoy Drew, "The Musician," Australia.*



ABOVE ARE SHOWN the happy-looking group of boys cared for by the Army in the Llo Lleo Boys Home, in Chile, together with the staff. Sr.-Captain and Mrs. J. Garcia are in charge and their two older girls, Margaret and Patricia, are shown at either end of the front rows. At the left, Colonel R. Gearing is seen holding the twins, Nancy and Norman Garcia, at the dedication service. Their parents are at the right and Brigadier E. Magnienat can be seen in the centre at the back. (See report in column 4.)

## Bonny Children Of South America



## God Supplies Their Needs

**T**HANKSGIVING for the manner in which God is undertaking for them is expressed by Sr.-Captain and Mrs. J. Garcia, who are in charge of a boys' home in Llo-Lleo, Chile. Mrs. Garcia is a Canadian officer. These comrades write:

"We cannot but praise the Lord for His wonderful mercy and goodness. He has provided in a marvelous way for every need. At times when a special emergency arose, for instance, when the price of bread was doubled, prayer and faith brought the solution to the problem. Shoes were needed—a donation was given. And so one could go on. Improvements to the building and necessary equipment for the kitchen have been realized by tithes. Truly we have proved that 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus' (Phil. 4: 19.)"

## Good Health Enjoyed

"Also, we have had very little illness which is certainly a lot to be thankful for in a home of fifty children in addition to our own."

"A group of ten boys learned to sing in three-part harmony for the visit of the International Secretary, Commissioner C. Durman. We hope to keep this little company singing for special occasions and our meetings here. Fifteen of the boys attended young people's councils in Santiago. Our desire and prayer is that many of the boys will come to have a definite experience of salvation before leaving here. There is a marked change in many who have been admitted recently."

"We are all well and very happy to have the privilege of serving the Lord in this part of His vineyard. Difficulties and problems are not lacking but 'His promises are sure.'"

The Army's Home for the Blind at Kalimpong, North-Eastern India, cares for many handicapped youths and children. The periodical exhibitions of work done by the students are thronged with people and admired. Many of the blind students have a sound Christian experience.

Soul-saving activities in the East Africa Territory (which includes Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika) are continuously carried forward by officers and soldiers and have resulted in large numbers of conversions and the making of many soldiers and recruits. The message of salvation is well received by the native listeners.

## Apartheid Touches Army

**B**RIGADIER Ivy Williams is to receive a change of appointment as a result of the new regulations imposed by the South African Government which prohibit Europeans being in charge of native work.

"We are in the midst of momentous days in particular," says the Brigadier. "Sr.-Captain and Mrs. Mamponne come in to take up their appointment on our staff, and in a couple of months, after they have become familiar with the work here, we, the European staff, will have to move out."

"Good as some of our African officers are, I with others do not feel that they are yet ready for such responsibilities. Our work here is not easy, and it is asking a lot of inexperienced officers of any nationality to expect them to take over."

"We must obey government regulations, and so we hand over, praying that the future of our work here may be overshadowed by a yet higher governing Hand."

## Gift To Cadets

**A** PLEASING feature during the commissioning of the "Pioneers" Session of cadets in Johannesburg recently was the presentation to each new officer of a souvenir brooch of lovely design sent by comrade-cadets of the "Pioneers" Session in Canada.

The kind gesture was initiated by 2nd-Lieut. D. Johnstone, of the Editorial Department, who hails from the Land of the Maple Leaf.

The Territorial Commander, Commissioner W. Grottick, performed the little ceremony on the night of "the great day" in Johannesburg City Hall.—*The War Cry, South Africa*

## Goodwill Gesture

**T**HIRTY boys from the Army's home at Box Hill, Victoria, Australia, were given a special treat recently aboard a visiting United States destroyer *Chevalier*, the officers and crew of which temporarily "adopted" them. The boys were given afternoon tea, saw a film and had the run of the ship.

The *Chevalier's* interest in the boys of the home began in 1957, when the crew raised a substantial sum for a television set for the home, in appreciation of the goodwill it found in Melbourne.

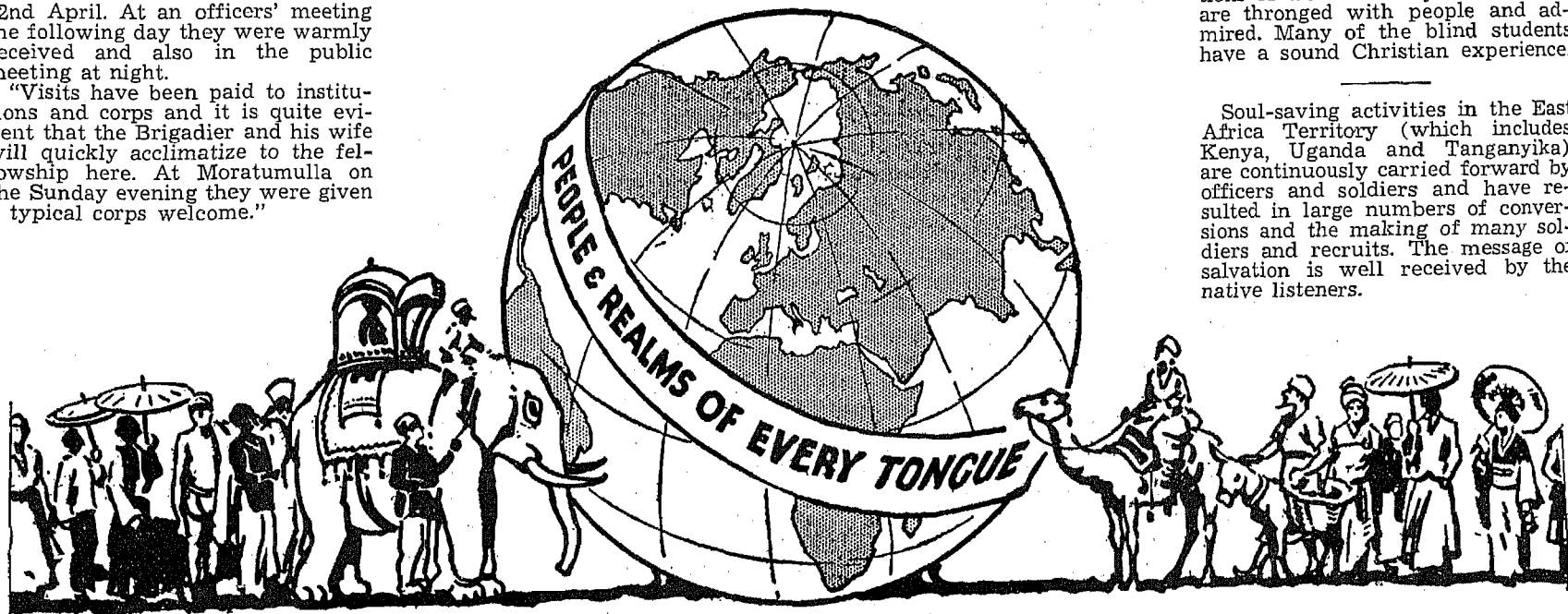
## Canadians Welcomed

**C**LIPPED from the Ceylon Territory section of the *Indian War Cry*, the following note will be of interest to Canadian Salvationists:

"We have been delighted to welcome the General Secretary and Mrs. B. Pedlar who arrived on the 22nd April. At an officers' meeting the following day they were warmly received and also in the public meeting at night."

"Visits have been paid to institutions and corps and it is quite evident that the Brigadier and his wife will quickly acclimatize to the fellowship here. At Moratumulla on the Sunday evening they were given a typical corps welcome."

Sixty bags of sand were needed to block flood waters from completely flooding the beautiful home for the aged in Bandung. Sr.-Major Smid, up to her knees in water, superintended flood relief measures. All is now dry but the floods were unusual and awe-inspiring.





# Scene Of Hallowed Memories

CHIEF LEADS INSPIRING GATHERINGS AT JACKSON'S POINT CAMP

**B**EFORE the Chief of the Staff began his official duties of conducting public meetings at Jackson's Point Camp, Mrs. Commissioner W. Dray was asked to function as World President of the Army's Girl Guides. It was a happy group of girls in blue—from many corps in Ontario—who greeted Mrs. Dray and those who accompanied her to the "Lodge".

Divisional Guide Director, Mrs. Sr.-Major S. Preece presented Mrs. Dray to the girls, before launching the divine service with a song. During the meeting Mrs. Dray presented ten-year long service awards to Divisional Guide Captain, Sr.-Captain M. Murkin, and Divisional Brown Owl Dorothy Farrant, which she did with kindly comments on their faithful service. Mrs. Sr.-Captain J. Craig, and Guides G. Gray and B. Head sang a pleasing trio.

Mrs. Dray's message to the guides was based on some words of Jesus and in unfolding her topic she used many graphic illustrations from her experiences in her world travels as the girls sat attentively listening. It is certain that her earnest words on the necessity of letting the light shine will result in a greater radiance being spread abroad wherever members of her audience scatter. Ten girls, whose hearts had been stirred, knelt in surrender at the mercy-seat.

The senior meeting followed immediately in the main auditorium, which was packed for the occasion. Included among the platform supporters were the North Toronto Band (Bandmaster W. Mountain) Colonel and Mrs. H. Saunders, of Australia, and Sr.-Major E. Crann, a returned missionary.

The Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel R. Gage presented the visitors, and the Territorial Commander, Commissioner W. Booth led the opening song, calling on Mrs. Saunders to pray.

The Chief, in expressing his delight at being back at a camp whose launching he had seen a half a century before, commended the territory on the improvements noticed about the grounds. He also commended Sr.-Major Crann for her long and faithful service in India—a difficult field, as he admitted, with his knowledge of the Army's world-wide problems.

Following Mrs. Dray's reading of a part of one of Paul's letters, a selection from the camp singers (Sr.-Captain J. Zarfes) and a solo by 2nd-Lieutenant J. Grundy, "Lord, with all my all I part," Lt.-Colonel F. Merrett, who with Mrs. Merrett, is shortly to retire, spoke of his earliest recollection of spiritual influences when, in an Army junior meeting, he fell on his knees and asked God to help him to be good. Later, when he was fourteen, he dedicated himself fully to the service of Christ and the Army. He thanked the Army for the opportunities it had given him and was

grateful for the lives he and Mrs. Merrett had been able to influence for good.

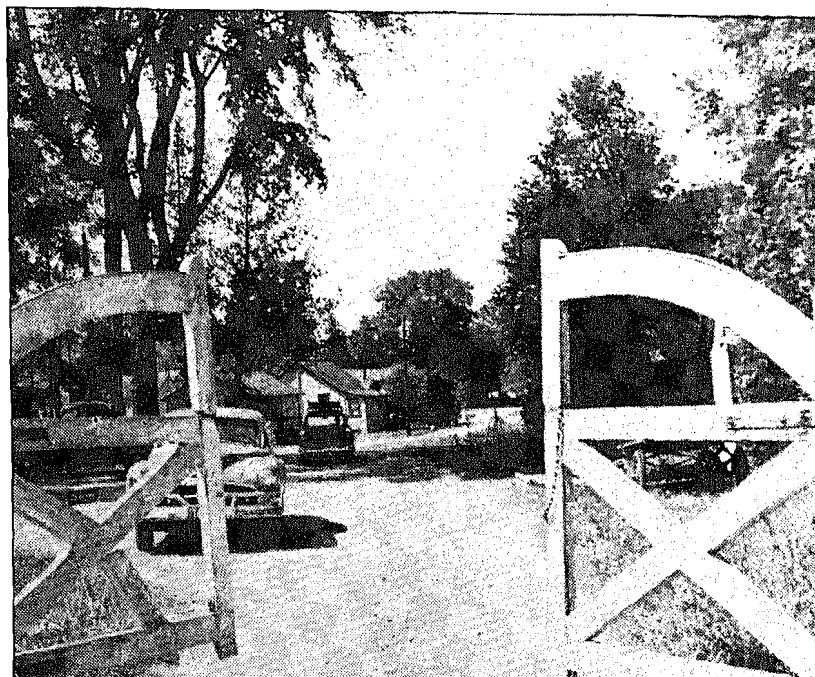
The Chief threw out a stirring challenge based on the four-fold character of the true Christian as suggested by one of the apostles. As the speaker emphasized the high standards inseparable with the particular title or label he was dealing with, and showed how imperative it was in a world of changing values for Christians to be faithful and loyal, he carried his audience with him, as the fervent responses showed. Ample time was given in the prayer meeting for decisions and no doubt many made an inward re-dedication.

## Outdoor Music

In the afternoon the weather was ideally suited to an outdoor festival, and it was a popular action of the North Toronto Band to take its stand in the grove of trees just inside the fence. Scores of persons sat inside the grounds and enjoyed an excellent series of band marches, solos and selections, the band being led occasionally by Bandmaster E. Edwards, who had flown out from England to lead the music leaders institute just beginning at the camp. Occupants of dozens of cars listened outside the fence.

At night, the auditorium was again well filled, and the Territorial Commander led another rousing meeting. In this gathering Sr.-Major Crann made an eloquent appeal to the young persons present, saying they could do no better with their lives than devote them to God and the needy on the mission field. She did not minimize the difficulties of non-Christian lands today, but said that she had always found God's grace sufficient in all her forty-two years' experience.

The band, choral group and 2nd-Lieutenant Grundy again played a prominent part in enriching the musical side of worship, and the Chief's Bible message was given with his usual intensity. Speaking of the awful heart-hunger and cor-



A LOVELY VISTA of woodland beauty—with a glimpse of summer cottages—seen through the gates of the Jackson's Point fresh-air camp, snapped from the road that runs back of the camp. Amid such sylvan surroundings the Chief of the Staff led inspiring Sunday meetings. (Lower): The Chief and Mrs. Commissioner Wm. Dray snapped outside the auditorium after the morning meeting.

roding anxiety he had observed in all parts of the world, he considered that this was the inevitable concomitant of too much luxury, time and wealth. "People have everything—but they lack that which satisfies; they lack a sense of the favour of God in their lives," he said. Referring to words spoken by the returned missionary, the Commissioner declared that he would rather have fifty dedicated lives for the work of God than a million dollars. Challenging those present with the crying need of personnel in all parts of the Army world, he urged especially the young to show a willingness to sacrifice all to help carry on the greatest work to which they could apply their time and talents.

During the prayer meeting, it was a joy to see no fewer than fifteen young persons surrender their all to Christ.

Simultaneously, another gathering was being held at the "Lodge," where the Chief Secretary, Colonel C. Wiseman, assisted by Mrs. Wiseman and the Territorial Music Secretary, Major K. Rawlins, led an intimate time of fellowship with the delegates to the music leaders' institute. (More will be said about this institute, which was just beginning at the weekend, and continued during the week).

The Colonel spoke with deep sincerity on the initial requirement of all Army music leaders—spiritual conviction and character, and urged those present to put these things first in their Army duties, then

success would be real and lasting.

Following both meetings, late lunch was held with the staff in the dining-room, followed by words of appreciation and timely advice by the Chief of the Staff and Commissioner Booth.

Memories have been stirred by this historic weekend at the old camp, and many Salvationists, as well as friends and visitors who had never attended an Army meeting before, will carry away worthwhile memories of a deeply spiritual series of sessions.

## WELFARE SERVICES NOTES

**S**EVERE illness invaded a family that had been paying for a home for some time, and the resultant large medical bills brought about severe economic difficulties.

When the wife came to the welfare department for help, the husband had just returned to work, and there was to be a waiting period before money would be available. Her concern was for her husband who was still quite weak from his recent sickness.

A generous food order was supplied each week until money was forthcoming which tided the family over.

A man who was converted in the first meeting held in the new Men's Hostel in Montreal (Brigadier and Mrs. T. Murray) is now reconciled with his wife and family, from whom he had been estranged.

## THE FINAL FESTIVAL

**T**HE esteem and affection which Danforth Songster Brigade (Songster leader E. Sharp) has aroused in the British Territory Salvationists were movingly revealed when the Canadian Salvationists, partnered by the International Staff Band, gave a satisfying two-and-a-half hour festival at Clapton Congress Hall to conclude their hectic three-week campaign. Every seat was occupied; non-ticket holders stood around the building. Applause was prolonged and intense.

The Metropolitan Toronto Divisional Commander, Lt.-Colonel R. Gage, the campaign leader, gave a Scripture exhortation and Captain D. Goffin eloquently expressed gratitude for the brigade's skill and Salvationism. The songster leader

replied before leading his brigade and the International Staff Band unitedly in the final presentation, the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Earlier, festivals were given at Southampton, where General A. Orsborn (R) presided, and at Reading.

A large company of well-wishers bade the songsters God-speed as their aircraft took off from London Airport.

Sergeant-Major and Mrs. L. Saunders, who were prevented from accompanying the songsters because of a motor accident that has confined them both to hospital, were glad to greet their loved ones and to hear of the exploits of the Canadian singers. They are making steady progress.

DURING the last week I have visited ten buildings in Toronto. They represent the work of one command of The Salvation Army in one part of this wide world. I spent a little time, but not anything like enough, in the *House of Concord*, devoted to a new adventure—an attempt to fit into society some of the young men from gaols, reformatories and broken homes, perhaps some of the "beaten" generation, who with help will yet win through. I visited the *Isabel and Arthur Meighen Lodge* and the *Eventide Home for Aged Men*—in very truth havens of rest and refreshment. I visited the great *Toronto Grace Hospital*, a model of brightness, of cleanliness, of quiet competence.

#### The Downtrodden Helped

I visited the Welfare Services Department, where advice and help are given to those troubled by family discord, unemployment, by dire need, and many of the other griefs which fall upon the less fortunate amongst us. I visited the busy *Sherbourne Street Hostel*, where transient and wandering homeless men are given food and lodging, help and advice. I called at *The Homestead* where a noble work has been started for women who have been brought low by drugs, alcoholism and prostitution. I went to the *Men's Social Service Industrial Centre*, where furniture and clothing, electrical devices and household effects are gathered and repaired and distributed to the needy, all the repairs giving employment to worthy men. I visited the home called *Harbour Light*, where so-called alcoholics are helped to set their feet upon the high road of discipline and recovery. I visited the children's home called *The Nest* for orphans and deserted children and those from broken households.

All those names sound like battle honours on the flag of a famous



## "KINDNESS IN ANOTHER'S TROUBLE— COURAGE IN ONE'S OWN"

Part of an Address by Leonard W. Brockington, C.M.G., Q.C., LL.D., at a Social Services Report Meeting in Eaton Auditorium, Toronto

regiment. And that's just what they are. Everywhere I found courtesy and cleanliness, efficiency, a broad humanity, a shining faith, an encouragement to men and women to help themselves and an unremitting effort to repair the strength of the mind, the body, and the spirit of the bruised and the wayward. When I was in the *House of Concord*, I was shown some moving verses, addressed to his mother, written by one of the young men who was an inmate. Today, Sr.-Major A. Brown brought me a well written article by the same boy about the riding school where he worked.

In the old folks' home, in the children's home, I found a sense of freedom, gratitude, comfort and companionship. There was none of the feeling that one was living in a soulless institution. Everywhere there seemed to be human friendliness. Even the voices on the loud speakers were intimate, quiet and kindly.

On Saturday afternoon I saw as happy children as I had ever seen in my life. The most popular young lady was a little coloured girl, aged four who sang a song for me and told me how much she liked her companions and the members of the staff. She was altogether one of the brightest little girls I have ever seen, and was in her own little way

a smiling inspiration to everyone.

In one of the homes for elderly people, one lady asked me to be sure to look at Room 215. She said it was the loveliest room in the whole building. As a matter of fact, it was a lovely bright room. It was, however, like every other room, but the lady who spoke to me still thought it was the nicest room in the whole building, and I believe every other inmate thought the same about her own room.

#### No Discrimination

Nowhere did I find a door closed to anyone on account of creed, colour, faith, weakness or wrongdoing. The men and women in charge of these works of mercy seem to me, in the best and only true sense of the word, ladies and gentlemen. Practically all of them have from their youth been associated with The Salvation Army. Many of them have been in many parts of the world and have known a multitude of men and a multiplicity of cities. Most of them are steadfast in great hope and errorless in purpose. In their passionate devotion to a noble cause they seem always to be longing to hear the sighing of a contrite heart and to be praying for all sorts and conditions of men. Their great joy is to see re-

morse turned into repentance, and men and women restored to the majesty of human dignity.

As I listened to one of them telling me of her hopes, I recalled one of the noblest words ever framed on the lips of men, "Tears of repentance are the waters upon which moves the spirit of God." They seem to me to believe with Martin Luther, "that everything that is done in the world is done by hope and that hope itself is a species of happiness and perhaps the chief happiness which this world affords." It was one who was an avowed cynic who at the close of his life declared that the lesson of Christianity is first of all simple goodwill between man and man, simple friendliness, simple decency, and, in the words of the old Greek philosopher, "God is a circle, whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere."

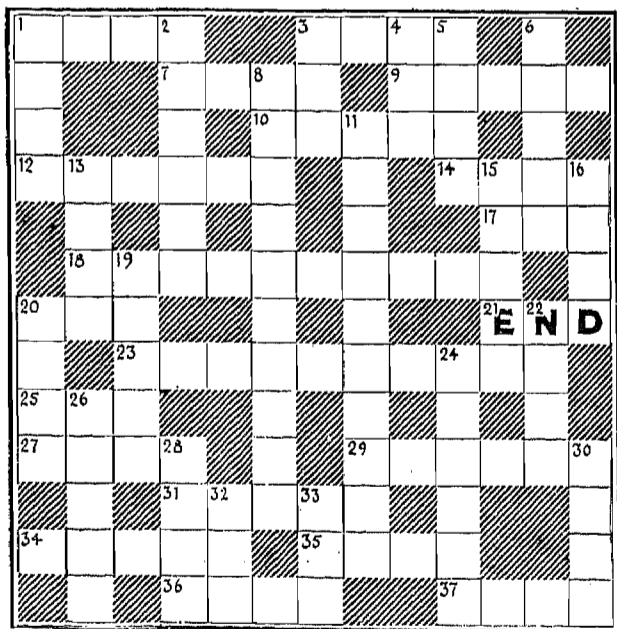
#### Every Man Worth Saving

I believe those I met accept also the belief once uttered by our own beloved Governor General, John Buchan, that fundamental to Christianity is the worth of every human soul, the belief that something can be made out of everybody if you look for it, that ultimately there is nothing common or unclean. In their willing servitude to the discipline of an army of peace they are content to work for a pittance. Many of them, without complaint, receive much less than the non-Army workers who helped to keep their temples of mercy warm and clean.

For their fostering of the fatherless and the motherless and their unremitting toil to diminish the sorrows and sufferings of mankind this Army, once mocked in men's mouths, is now remembered with thanksgiving and praised in men's hearts and minds. One of those crystal phrases so often moulded by our beloved fellow citizen, Mr. Arthur Meighen, is as follows: "This Army is a religious force with an acute social conscience." In war and in peace, they have been steadfast in well-doing. One of their mottoes has been, "Two things—stand like stone—Kindness in another's trouble, courage in one's own."

## SCRIPTURAL CROSSWORD PUZZLES

Where a dash occurs, the missing word is the required solution. Biblical references are given in a separate section, to be used if required. Solution to the puzzle will appear next week.



- ACROSS**
- Judas betrayed the Master with one
  - "Whosoever shall say to his brother, —, shall be in danger of the council"
  - us from the face of Him that sitteth on the Throne"
  - To dispute
  - Additional
  - Paul asked the Romans to salute him
  - The Israelites forsook the Lord and worshipped this false god
  - Rider Haggard wrote about her

- "Saul said unto his servants that stood about him, Hear now ye —"
- The Psalmist said the trees of the Lord were full of this
- Jesus "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the —"
- Love-in-Idleness
- As well
- A spear pierced our Lord's
- the Lord had been my help, my soul had almost dwelt in silence"
- Peter, James and John kept a poor one with their Master in the Garden of Gethsemane
- The Ethiopians were "a nation — out and trodden down, whose land the rivers have spoiled"
- Asketh in modern phraseology
- In this city, Jesus raised a widow's son
- "Ye shall not minish ought from your bricks of your daily —"

- DOWN**
- Father of Saul
  - His sons were Amnon, Rinnah, Benhanan and Tilon
  - Latin for king

- Could be arc—but isn't
- This horse is noted for its grace and speed
- Fourth son of Jacob and Leah
- Surely no Christian should be this
- Let them "commit the keeping of — to Him in well doing"
- Napoleon was exiled here
- "They will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young —"
- If one blind man tries to do this to another, they will both fall
- The Lord told Moses "thou shall make the robe of the — all of blue"
- The sun does this each evening
- Gospel means good this
- The chief priests, elders and council sought to put Jesus to death and "— the — came two false witnesses"
- If wheels are this, they move more smoothly
- He "became obedient unto death, — the death of the Cross"
- "I — not Mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent Me"
- Aid comes to this girl's name
- Scottish John

#### REFERENCES ACROSS

- Luke 22.
- Matt. 5.
- Rev. 6.
- Rom. 16.
- Jud. 2.
- 1 Sam. 22.
- Ps. 104.
- John 13.
- John 19.
- Ps. 94.
- Is. 13.
- Luke 7.
- Ex. 5.

#### REFERENCES DOWN

- 1 Sam. 10.
- 1 Chron. 4.
- Gen. 29.
- 1 Pet. 4.
- Is. 30.
- Matt. 15.
- Ex. 28.
- Matt. 26.
- Phil. 2.
- John 5.

#### SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

##### ACROSS

- JUSTIFICATION.
- DRINKS.
9. ERNEST.
10. HIP.
11. SALOME.
13. HYSSOP.
15. PIE.
16. SPEECH.
17. SHISHA.
18. ELI.
19. AFFAIR.
21. ACHISH.
23. DEN.
24. IN LAWS.
26. SOLD IT.
28. THESSALONIANS.

##### DOWN

- JUDAS ISCARIOT.
- STILL.
3. INK.
4. AIR.
5. IDEAS.
6. NETOPHA.
- THITES.
8. SHEPHERDS.
9. EPHESIANS.
12. OPERA.
14. SMITH.
20. FALSE.
22. INDIA.
25. WAS.
27. OWN.

## Daily Devotions

For Family and Private Worship

### SUNDAY—

John 10: 1-14. "I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD." What a charming picture Jesus gives here of the Eastern shepherd, showing how the sheep learn to love his voice and to follow in his footsteps—so different from the poor, frightened sheep of Western lands that are driven on ahead terrified by the barking of the dogs. Even so does our "Good Shepherd" differ from the ordinary shepherd in the tender loving care He gives us His sheep. Shall we fear to follow where He leads?

\* \* \*

### MONDAY—

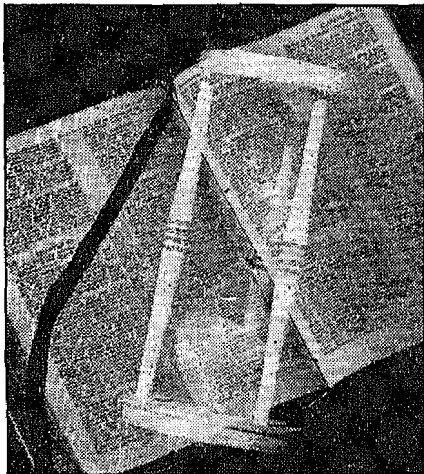
John 10: 15-30. "OTHER SHEEP I HAVE . . . THEM ALSO I MUST BRING." For love of the Good Shepherd many of our comrades are working in hard and lonely places, seeking these "other sheep." It is difficult, trying work, but love makes them strong to endure. Think of them, and pray that God will give them all the grace, patience and comfort they need.

"With tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
O Lord, endure them from above."

\* \* \*

### TUESDAY—

John 10: 31-42. "JOHN DID NO MIRACLE; BUT ALL THINGS THAT JOHN SPAKE OF THIS MAN WERE TRUE." Are you longing to do great



things—"miracles"—mighty deeds? Instead do you feel your life to be dull, monotonous, narrow? Do not murmur if God in His wisdom has put you in limited circumstances, but seek, like John the Baptist, that your life and your words give true witness to others, of a Saviour able to save and to keep from sin.

\* \* \*

### WEDNESDAY—

John 11: 1-16. "NOW, JESUS LOVED MARTHA, AND HER SISTER, AND LAZARUS." There was a tender, close friendship between the Lord Jesus and the members of this family at Bethany. He only delayed coming to His sick friend, Lazarus, because He had something better for him than healing—the giving back of life itself. We, too, one day, shall know why God delayed some answers to our prayers.

\* \* \*

### THURSDAY—

John 11: 17-32. "I KNOW, THAT EVEN NOW, WHATEVER THOU WILT ASK, GOD WILL GIVE." Although, to all outward appearance, her brother's case was quite hopeless, Martha dared to believe, and also boldly to express her belief that, somehow, Jesus could restore Lazarus. Have you a loved one whose

## HATE SIN — But Love The Sinner

By ARTHUR RIMAN, Puslinch, Ontario

Jesus said unto her, Woman, where are thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?—John 8:10.

WHAT a rebuff the accusers of the woman received! Yet they were condemned by their own actions, not by anything Jesus said. The Master did not condemn them any more than He refused to condemn the woman brought before Him. He simply said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

It was significant that there were no stones cast. Instead, the accusers stole away, one by one, leaving the woman alone with Jesus.

"Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" To her answer, He replied, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more!"

It is unthinkable that Jesus by His action excused sin. He truly knew the gravity of evil, and He always spoke sternly of the penalty of sin. He came to meet our need, destroying the power and dominion of sin; He came not to destroy the sinner but his sin. He said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

### Came to Destroy Sin

To some the ability to love all races and classes of people does not come easy. Tolerance is not as widely practised as it should be, but Christian love is much more than mere tolerance. Christians deeply love people because Jesus loved the people and gave His life for them, even His enemies. Surely there is no greater love than this.

During Christ's arrest and betrayal, Peter lost his temper and

salvation seems hopeless? Stand with Martha and plead her "even now."

\* \* \*

### FRIDAY—

John 11: 33-44. "HE THAT WAS DEAD CAME FORTH." The miracle had such an effect on the onlookers that "many . . . believed on Him." But some closed their hearts in unbelief and went and denounced the Lord to His enemies. If we do not admit God's light into our hearts our darkness only becomes greater.

\* \* \*

### SATURDAY—

John 11: 45-57. "IT IS EXPEDIENT FOR US THAT ONE MAN SHOULD DIE FOR THE PEOPLE." Caiaphas spoke more truly than he knew, for God spoke through him. The Saviour not only died for the Jewish nation, but for the whole world. In a famous art gallery is a picture of the crucifixion, in which the rope that binds the suffering, thorn crowned Christ, ends over this inscription in Latin,

"I have borne these things for thee;  
What hast thou done for Me?"

cut off the high priest's servant's ear. Are we not as guilty, at least in principle, each time we judge our neighbour? Adherence to a strict moral code of conduct, without love, can lead to a form of snobbery. Satan well knows the value of pride. If he can induce us to be proud he has won a major victory. Without compassion for the unsaved we shall never influence anyone for God.

### Conscious of Guilt and Shame

The trouble quite often is that we fail to understand each other. Children, for example, sometimes become strangers to their parents. Fathers and mothers can be of little help to their children when there is no common ground on which they can meet. We must get to know one another better. We must cultivate the friendship of our children and our neighbours. Only as they see in us something worth possessing for themselves will they become conscious of their need.

One wonders what were the woman's thoughts when she was brought before Jesus for judgment? She may have thought she was as good, if not better, than some she could have named. But when she met Jesus it is likely her thoughts were much different. Here was a Man so different from her accusers—one whose word and regard she could treasure.

Perhaps for the first time in her life the woman was conscious of her guilt and shame. Yet Jesus had not uttered a single word of censure or condemnation. This singular ability of Christ to stir people's consciences and to awaken their spiritual beings is indispensable to every potential soul-winner. It comes to us in the presence and power of the indwelling Holy Ghost. A worker talked recently to a



young man who had spent a short time in jail. The ex-prisoner said there were numerous hard and bitter youths awaiting only freedom to break the law again. In many cases we are failing to reform criminals. Why? Some will not be reformed, it is true, while others, undoubtedly, have turned away for the lack of love on someone's part.

If we, as Christians, truly exercise the spirit of Jesus Christ in our daily living, in permitting the Holy Spirit to possess, cleanse and use us, we shall prove to be the salt and healing agency that our world today badly needs.

### PRACTICAL PRAYER

THE evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, was on a transatlantic cruise when the ship caught fire and all on board were summoned to form a bucket brigade. An acquaintance, eyeing Moody in the long line passing buckets of water along the deck, said, "Mr. Moody, let us go to the other end of the ship and engage in prayer."

Moody replied, "No, sir. Instead, let us stand here in line and pass the buckets. We can pray hard here all the time we are doing it."

## THOUGHTS PASSED ON

By MRS. MARION WOLSEY, Sarnia, Ontario

AT our home we never let a day go by without opening the Bible to read and to study the wonderful truths found therein.

As my husband and I were reading the Acts of the Apostles, we came across the soul-searching story of Paul, the Apostle, when he was brought before King Agrippa. What a thrill it gave our hearts as we read it. Next day I read it again and again, and each time I received more spiritual food.

As Paul stood before King

Agrippa, the Scriptures were being fulfilled; God had told him that he should witness before kings for the sake of the Gospel. In his fearless witness he did not try to hide what he had done before he met Jesus on the Damascus road. He told the whole assembly how he had persecuted the Christian faith, even condemning many of the saints to death. What courage that must have taken! He told how he, Saul of Tarsus, the great Pharisee, had met Christ, a meeting that had such an effect on him that he no more persecuted the Christians, but witnessed for Christ, everywhere, and anywhere, even now before King Agrippa and Queen Bernice.

When he was finished relating his story Agrippa had this to say: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!" But that isn't enough is it? Almost? NO we must go all the way if we are to see Jesus face to face.

The words of the song run . . .

"Almost" cannot avail,  
"Almost" is sure to fail,  
Sad, sad, that bitter wail,  
"Almost"—but lost.

## CALL UPON GOD TODAY!

YOU must recognize that you are a sinner in the sight of God, and that you are in danger of losing your soul. You must be willing to give up wrongdoing of every kind, and put right, as far as possible, any wrong you may have done. If you are willing in this fashion, you may safely rely upon God's willingness to hear your cry for pardon.

Call upon Him, then today, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." You can be pardoned, cleansed and made anew by faith in Jesus Christ.

Remember, the Devil will try to lead you into sin again, but God is able to keep you from falling or to restore your soul if you should in an unguarded moment give way to the enemy.

## MISSING PERSONS

The Salvation Army will assist in the search for missing relatives. Please read the list below, and if you know the present address of any person listed, or any information which will be helpful in continuing the search, kindly contact the Men's Social Service Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto; marking your envelope "Inquiry."

ANDERSEN, Gustav. Born Aug 13/1908 in Norway. Was in Canadian Army during world War II. Last known address Edmonton, Alberta. Father anxious to locate. 14-221

ARCHER, Albert George. Born Dec. 12/1886 in England. Wife's name Florence, nee Wood. Daughter Reta born July 23/1914. Last heard from in 1924 from Toronto. Sister in England wishes to receive news. 15-707

CARLING, Frederick W. Born Oct. 24/1910. Height 5'7". Had brown wavy hair. Last seen 1935. Last heard of in Toronto. May have moved to Hamilton, Ont. Has also lived in Winnipeg. Wife inquiring. 15-785

DAVIS, Thomas. Born March 25/1922 in Birmingham, England. Came to Canada Aug. 1948. Last known address 32 Arthur Ave., Hamilton, Ont. Cousin wishes to contact in reference to his father's death. 15-637

FITZGERALD, George Patrick. Born May 24/1925 in Canada. Irish and French race. Fisherman. Has been in Canadian Army. Roman Catholic. Was in Ontario when last seen. Mother very anxious. 15-796

FOSSENEUVE, Mary Catherine. Born 1932. Speaks poor English. Waitress, chamber maid or factory worker. Last heard from Aug. 1956 from Montreal. Sister wishes to locate. 15-103

GALLANT, Arnold. Age about 20. Has worked in Toronto for bakery, also at Sherwood Inn as kitchen helper. May be around Parry Sound or Sudbury, Ont., or may have moved further west. Friend wishes to return his property. 15-749

HLADKI, Mary Tanas. Born March 22/1913 in Winnipeg. Maiden name Tanas. Large scar on temple. Has been hotel

## TRAVELLING?

Ocean passages arranged to all parts of the world.

Passports secured (Canadian or British)

Foreign Railway Tickets procured Accident and Baggage Insurance Underwritten by The Salvation Army Immigration and Travel Agency: 20 Albert Street, Toronto, E.M. 2-1071; 1620 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal, P.Q., WE 5-7425 2495 East 7th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C., HA. 5328 L.

clerk and chamber maid. Has lived in Calgary and Vancouver. Sister wishes to locate. 14-696

HUTT, Mrs. Aveline. Widow of Frank Hutt. Sister-in-law of Mrs. Ethel Maria Wood (deceased) of England. Information regarding this lady or her descendants will be appreciated. 15-788

KELTON, Agnes or brother David. Came to Canada about 1913. Agnes aged about 70, came from Renfrew, Scotland. David aged about 65, Salvationist in Toronto. Visitor from Scotland inquires. 15-789

LACKIE, Clarence Kennedy. Born April 3/1914 in Mass., U.S.A. Dark brown hair, brown eyes, 5'6 1/2" tall. Occupation chef or supervising canteen. Last heard of June, 1948. Wife and son inquiring. 15-797

LARSEN, Henry Ludvig. Born Oct. 10/1884 in Denmark. Store clerk. Last heard from 1920. Has lived in Logansport, Louisiana, U.S.A. Information required in connection with estate in Denmark. 15-808

LeTOURNEAU, Joseph Wilfrid. Born Nov. 5/1917. May be known as Fred Martin. Served in R.C.A.F., during War and again 1954 to 1957. Has worked at Topper Restaurant, Toronto. Wife inquiring. 15-766

McGREGOR, Mary (nee Hefferman). Born April 6/1904. Husband Hugh McGregor, daughter Joan. Last heard from about 1937 from Ottawa. Sister wishes to locate. 15-804

OLISLAAGER, Mrs. Rose (nee Fekete). Married to Marcel Olislaager in Paris, France in 1911. Sometimes shortens her name to Olis. Was known to be in Toronto 1914 to 1916. Also daughter Suzette, born 1912. Younger daughter inquiring. 15-748

OLSSON, Mr. Warner. Born in Sweden. Age about 42. Blonde. Has silver plate in head. Vacuum cleaner salesman. Last heard from 4 years ago from Hamilton, Ont. Urgently needed on account of illness of wife. Sister-in-law inquiring. 15-792

RANKIN, Walter. Born about 1926 in Enniskillen, Ireland. Shoemaker. Married in England and thought to have gone to Australia 10 years ago. Children's names believed to be David and Garreth. Brother in Canada inquires. 14-869

STENSWICK, Mrs. E. Daughter of Alf Hjalmar Solvang, (deceased). Last known address Bella Coola, B.C. This lady and her 3 sisters required in connection with estate in Norway. 15-754

WOOTTON, Thomas Henry. Born in London, England in 1886. Married in 1904 to Daisy Bennett. Thought to have had 3 children. Were Salvationists. Brother wishes to locate. 15-787

# The Romance of The War Cry

## LAYING A GHOST

By COLONEL Wm. NICHOLSON

A former WAR CRY Editor, Colonel Wm. Nicholson has accumulated information regarding the beginnings of THE WAR CRY, and has published it in a book. Excerpts from this are presented under the title which the book bears.

THE War Cry seems to have had the capacity to inspire for itself an affection of a unique character. One woman officer, in addition to her other names, actually had given to her that of War Cry by her devoted parents, who ultimately became officers and served the Army well on both sides of the Atlantic.

There was sentiment to support their action in so naming one of their children for they regarded the coming of The War Cry into their lives as a notable event. At the time of the birth of their child, The War Cry was first brought to the mother who was so impressed with what she read in its pages that her whole outlook on life was changed. The husband, too, was deeply moved.

The War Cry spoke to their full hearts with an eloquence and force they could not resist, and they decided to give up the provincial hotel they were keeping and to make application for officership. Applying direct to the Founder, the husband said he was certainly a bit dubious about it, but there could be no uncertainty about the message of The War Cry. Still, he had a rather large family.

"Never mind," said the Founder,

"we will make them all officers!"

This prediction was realized.

The War Cry has played its part in numberless events, many of them extremely strange. There was, for example, great consternation in a certain country district by reason of the rumours of the appearance of a ghost.

The young woman Captain of the corps was herself concerned to know what could be at the root of the assertion. She found that the ghost, or whatever it was, had actually been seen by the villagers. As a rule, when seen it was making its way across the somewhat remote and desolate common between the village and the little town a mile or so away. It was not always seen at the same place, but generally it was fairly early during the dark winter evenings.

So disturbed and even frightened did many of the more superstitious inhabitants become that they refused to go anywhere near the common after dark. The Captain made careful inquiry and, having compared the statements made, she found that the apparition had generally been seen on a Wednesday evening, and not far from the old

## OFFICIAL GAZETTE

### PROMOTIONS—

To be Captain:  
First-Lieutenant Ralph Stanley

To be Second-Lieutenant:

Probationary Lieutenants Lulu Brace, Mary Brace, Anne Bradbury, Elliston Bridger, Norman Cassell, Boyd Goulding, Donald Hodder, Joan Inkpen, John Lake, Pearl Snow, Maxena Tucker, Ruby Yates.

### APPOINTMENT—

Second-Lieutenant Hugh Thompson, Alberni Valley (Asst.)

*W. Wycliffe Booth*

Territorial Commander.

## COMING EVENTS

### Commissioner and Mrs. W. Booth

Toronto Training College: Mon Aug 31 (Bregle Institute)  
Bramwell Booth Temple, Toronto: Sat-Sun Sept 12-13 (Cadets' Welcome Meetings)

### Colonel C. Wiseman

Toronto Training College: Wed Aug 19 (Bregle Institute)  
Prince Rupert: Sat-Mon Sept 5-7 (Congress Meetings)  
Sarnia: Sat-Sun Sept 26-27 (Mrs. Wiseman will accompany)  
Lt.-Commissioner F. Ham (R): Bowmanville, Sun Sept 13  
Lt.-Colonel A. Dixon: Scarborough, Sun Sept 13  
Brigadier M. Little: Yorkville, Thurs Sept 3  
Brigadier W. Ross: Mount Hamilton, Sat-Sun Sept 12-13  
Sr.-Major A. Brown: Jackson's Point, Sun Sept 6  
Major K. Rawlins: Beaver Creek Camp, Aug 17-23  
Lt.-Colonel H. Beckett (R): Sarnia, Sun Aug 16

churchyard. So she decided to keep her eyes wide open the next time she came that way after dark on a Wednesday evening, which happened to be the evening, in order to get ahead of the carrier, that she carried her War Cry parcel from the station.

In the days of which we write The War Crys often reached their destination unfolded, and it will be within the memory of many officers and publication sergeants that it was often part of their duty to fold The War Crys, which came to them with the single sheets folded lengthwise, making a somewhat elongated parcel. It was such a parcel as this that the Captain carried from the station. Often in her eagerness to get the latest news she stripped away a good deal of the brown paper, then with The War Crys in her arms she set off for her walk to the village.

(To be continued)

To the Army's leprosy hospital at Puthencruz, Southern India Territory, have been added new ward and a community hall. The entire institution has also been electrified.

## The WAR CRY

A periodical published weekly by the Salvation Army Printing House, 4 Jarvis St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada International Headquarters, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C. 4, England William Booth, Founder; Wilfred Kitching, General, Territorial Headquarters 20 Albert St., Toronto 1, W. Wycliffe Booth, Territorial Commander.

All correspondence on the contents THE WAR CRY should be addressed to the Editor, 471 Jarvis St., Toronto SUBSCRIPTION RATES to any address 1 year \$5.00. Send subscriptions to the Publishing Secretary, 471 Jarvis St., Toronto 5. Authorized as second class mail at the Post Office Department, Ottawa

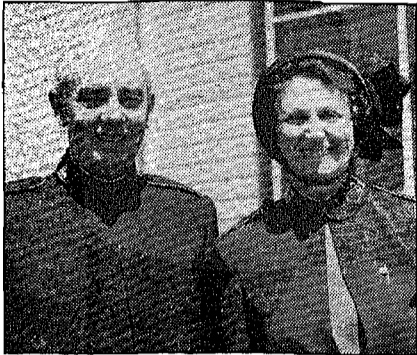
# Rally Day Supplies

As you prepare for the young people's activities in the fall you will be thinking of arranging an interesting programme for Rally Day. This will mean a lot of planning and you require some supplies. The following are available at your Trade Department.

Promotion Day Cards .....	doz. .30	100 1.80
Rally Day Post Cards .....	doz. .30	100 1.80
Welcome Buttons .....	doz. .45	100 3.50
Rally Day Tags .....	doz. .30	
Absentee and Invitation Cards .....	doz. .30	100 1.80
Programme Folders .....	.01 1/2 each	100 1.50
Miniature S.A. Flags .....	.25 each	
Rally Day Programme Book #5 .....	.40 each	
Rally Day Programme Book #9 .....	.40 each	
Rally Day Programme Book #10 .....	.40 each	
Some company meetings send a special invitation to each home for Rally Day promising each child attending that day a little gift as a remembrance.		
12" Rulers—with Scripture text .....	doz. .72	
6" Plastic Rulers—Variety of colours .....	each .05	
Pencils with Scripture text .....	.06 each	Doz. .70
Pencils with Scripture text and "Welcome" .....	.06 each	Doz. .70
Pencils with Scripture text and "Happy Birthday" .....	.06 each	Doz. .70
Pencils with Scripture text and "Rally Day" .....	.06 each	Doz. .70
Plastic Bookmarks—variety of colours .....	.05 each	
Bookmarks—Favourite Bible Readings—Books of the Bible—The Beatitudes—Twenty-third Psalm—Lord's Prayer—The Ten Commandments .....	Doz. .25	
Bookmarks— .....	Doz. .35	
Bookmarks— .....	each .03	
Bookmarks— .....	each .05	
Bookmarks— .....	each .15	
Folderama—Books of The Bible—The Shepherd Psalm—Life of Christ—Beatitudes .....	each .10	
Mottoes—to hang on the wall .....	Doz. .25	
Mottoes .....	each .05, .06, .08, .12, .15, and .20	
Booklets—Words of Jesus—Favourite Psalms—Twelve Disciples—Ten Commandments—Parables of Jesus—Favourite Bible Verses—Miracles of Jesus .....	each .06	

The Salvation Army Trade Hdqrs., 259 Victoria Street, Toronto 1, Ont.

## VISITORS FROM AUSTRALIA



**VISITORS** to Canada and the United States are Colonel and Mrs. H. Saunders of the Australia Southern Territory, where the Colonel is financial secretary at the headquarters in Melbourne. The Colonel bears an honoured name and is a grandson of one of the founders of the Army in the Commonwealth, Edward Saunders, and a nephew of Colonel F. Saunders, a former training principal in Canada, now retired in Australia. The visitors brought greetings from the veteran Commissioner J. Hay (R) and other officers who once laboured in Canada, and were pleased to renew acquaintance with Commissioner W. Dalziel (R), their former leader in Australia. They have visited a number of centres in the Dominion, including Territorial Headquarters in Toronto.

The address of Mrs. Major G. Young, Canadian officer on missionary service, has been changed to: P.B. 193, P.O. Sibasa, North Transvaal, South Africa.

## Essay Contest Results

"WHAT THE HOME LEAGUE CONGRESS HAS MEANT TO ME"

FIRST PRIZE (\$15 Trade Department coupon):

Mrs. N. Stevens, St. Catharines, Ont.

SECOND PRIZE (\$10 Trade Department coupon):

(a) Mrs. M. Nelson, Oshawa, Ont.

(b) Mrs. Brigadier G. Kirbyson, Moncton, N.B.

THIRD PRIZE (\$5 Trade Department coupon):

(a) Mrs. M. Hobbs, Regina Citadel, Sask.

(b) Mrs. W. Greenshields, Orangeville, Ont.

(c) Mrs. B. Young, St. James, Man.

SPECIAL MENTION:

Mrs. F. Brady, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. M. Ward, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C.

## FAREWELLS AND WELCOMES

**A**t a tea-gathering held at Territorial Headquarters, goodbyes and welcomes were spoken as changes—inseparable with the turning of the "Army wheel"—came about.

The Territorial Commander first of all referred to a topic which, he knew, would be in everyone's mind—the case of the young woman drug addict, whose story had been discussed so avidly in the press. He was glad to report that, although the girl had run away from the first institution sent to, she was now back with the Army, and appeared to be willing to submit to the treatment—mostly rest, prayer and faith (and, of course the fellowship of those who are serving God).

Then the leader came to the chief concern—the retirement of the Correctional Services Director and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel F. Merrett. The Commissioner paid tribute to the Colonel's successful command of some

of Canada's largest corps and divisions, and to his keen interest in his last appointment. The leader also thanked Mrs. Merrett for her wholehearted interest in the women's side of Army welfare. The Colonel, in his reply, gave all the glory to God for His unfailing care and goodness.

Captain V. Walter who, with Mrs. Walter and little Bruce, is going to India, spoke of the call that had come to him to take the Gospel to the non-Christian lands. (The Captain is the second son of the Walter family to leave for overseas within this year, and the 21st officer to go on missionary service this year).

A welcome was expressed to Sr.-Major and Mrs. P. Lindores, who have come to Toronto on Correctional Services work, and to Sr.-Major and Mrs. W. Crozier, the Major having been appointed to the Printing Department. Brigadier E. Burnell read a passage of Scripture, and the Chief Secretary closed in prayer.

## "What The Home League Congress Has Meant To Me"

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY By Mrs. N. Stevens, St. Catharines, Ontario

**T**HIS essay will not begin with the most important things, as I feel that the congress was like a snowball: it gathered speed and proportion as it went along. Now as I write I feel again the impact of each day and event. I must speak, too, as an ordinary home leaguer, not as a local officer, for such indeed I am.

"They shall come from the east, and the west, the north and the south," flashed through my mind. Miles and miles of smiles and handshakes, with many women whom one would never have met on earth otherwise. Bonnets, and badges, and baggage. The long and the short, the tall, the broad and the lean, all clutching their kits which were so well equipped. One delegate was frantically searching for hers in the cafe. My first good turn was to hand it over to her.

### Place of Relaxation

The rest room! What a haven! Shoes off and bonnets, but especially the shoes. I kept hoping they would not get mixed up; what a scramble it would have made. Then indeed it was a home league. Someone appeared with a cup of tea. Who, I wonder, thought to make it possible? It was whispered that it was our Territorial President. Wouldn't be surprised! Thanks a lot from all of us.

The eastern delegates with their little potato sacks—I shall always buy P.E.I. potatoes and think of

them. The westerners, with their talk of the prairies. Talk was as free as if we had been intimate for years. Indeed hadn't we, through *The Home Leaguer* and *The War Cry*? My chum was busy getting names and addresses all round. I wondered how she was going to sort the names and the faces afterwards, sort of put the "handles on our mugs" as it were.

Did I say talk? I closed my eyes but not my ears.

"I've left my husband on the farm and it's the busy spring work season, but at times I've held on while he was away." Then with a far away look, she continued, "but, somehow, it's a bigger gap if I go!" (Guess she was right, too). Another, "I'm from such-and-such a corps and they have me down as from the next corps to us."

I discover a home leaguer from a corps in a small town I had helped to open in 1922. I'm a grandmother now and then I was a young Lieutenant. We march on, but for now cows, pigs, tractors, spring work, babies, mending, knitting, are all laid aside in glorious anticipation of precious time to listen, think, learn and pray. Time to us women is so limited; not much of it is even left over for the needs of ourselves. Money had to be carefully spent to cover these days' needs, but more precious still is "time". It, too, must be put to good use even the best of leaders and all the very special planning would not accomplish its purpose.

### Leaders Enjoyed

Our General and Mrs. Kitching! God bless them. Their humour! Their oneness with us! The truths that went direct to the needy spots of our experience. The great sale of work and exhibition. The costumes of the representatives of each division. The ideas we gleaned. The admiration of exquisite work and the equal joy of having our own admired.

My heart was very full during the great demonstration. Our dear women comrades from Northern B.C. and our beloved Bermudians. The before and after the Army's coming. I could see dear Colonel Des Brisay, only a slip of a girl, launching the work. "The Lord indeed giveth the increase." "The Helpmeet"! What a portrayal; the labour and hard work given to make it so real and vivid. I do hope those responsible know a little satisfaction in realizing the benefit we received and the huge success it was.

I said in the beginning the best was to be at the end. We had our fun, our chats. (It wasn't fun though to the poor home leaguer who, the very first day, broke her teeth and lost her wedding ring! She didn't

## United For Service



**FIRST-LIEUT.** June Milley and 2nd-Lieut. Gordon Wilder were united in marriage by Sr.-Major J. Wilder in West Toronto citadel on June 20th.

The bride was attended by Captain Georgina Raitt, 1st-Lieut. Daisy Hatt, and Songster Donna Church. Second-Lieut. John Wilder was best man, and the ushers were 2nd-Lieut. B. Meakings and Bandsman J. Cracknell. The standard bearer was R. White. Captain M. Lawrenson played the organ, and Captain W. Davies soloed.

take the next train home though. She was a heroine to be sure!) But, the pinnacle of all was the never-to-be-forgotten morning meeting of the Sunday. It was vibrant with the Holy Spirit. We women perhaps felt freedom such as we cannot attain when the men folk and children are present.

"There goes my pride, there goes my sin, and there goes myself," said Mrs. Kitching and, oh, the response! Never have I seen such willingness to surrender. Afterwards I learned that mothers had led their daughters to Christ and not one I am sure left unmoved by the Holy Spirit.

### Horizons Extended

Horizons were very much extended in the special afternoon meeting. How nice to hear good things spoken of our organization. But it is better still to hear evidence from all round the world and see the material as well as spiritual benefits of Christ's teachings and the methods used through the home league. And in the evening service again, "Christ for the Home, the Home for Christ" was presented so plainly. The wonderful testimony of a home leaguer won for Christ and her whole family through the home league was given.

We must never lose sight of the efforts of our leaders in securing such intelligent speakers who hold responsible positions in the outside world. We little realized how we needed such men, and lessons were learned in child management, etc., that will indeed result in happier, better-adjusted homes in our country.

"Hats off," I say to our World President, our Territorial President and beloved Commissioner. (How we would have missed his touch here and there in our congress.) Also hats off I say to our own Home League Territorial Secretary and staff. (They have earned a good furlough). Hats off to our women's band and singing group. God bless them, and God bless the home leagues everywhere.

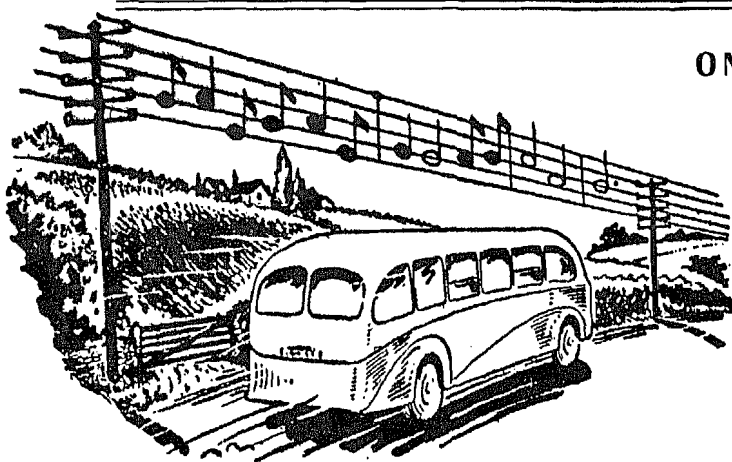
Brigadier and Mrs. Wallace White (R) celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in St. John's, Nfld., where they are living in retirement. Comrades across the territory who knew these former men's social work officers will rejoice with them in God's sparing mercies through the years. Their address is 184 Queen's Road., St. John's.

Brigadier D. Ford, Windsor, Ont., who was stricken with a coronary thrombosis some weeks ago, is still in hospital but making satisfactory progress towards recovery.



## NOVEL COLLECTION AGENCY

**AT A HAMILTON, ONT.,** shopping centre, a novel scheme was devised for swelling the funds of the Red Shield campaign. Shoppers were encouraged to drop coins into the fountain, which were later collected and turned over to the Army. Here Sr.-Major D. Snowden (R) watches with approval as two comely young ladies throw in their donations.



ON SUNLIT HIGHWAYS WITH —

## The King's Musicians

### How To Practise

By ERIK LEIDZEN, New York

"TIME is money" is an expression heard everywhere, but in practising music, we seem to have eternities at our disposal, judging from the way we squander the too fleeting hours.

The time wasted daily in so-called "practising" is enormous.

The ordinary way to tackle a new composition seems to be to gallop through it from beginning to end at top speed. This particular mode of practising will not yield results and still it is persisted in year after year. Considering this, it is no great wonder that so very few students really learn how to play.

Before you read any further get your latest piece of music and a pencil.

Thank you!

Now let us proceed.

First count your measures. You

will find that your piece is made up from smaller parts four, eight or sixteen measures in length. Mark them off with your pencil; a big mark for the sixteen, a smaller for the eight, and a little one for the four measures. These different parts will be easily recognizable by rests, ending of slurs, changing of key-signatures, double-bars and so forth.

Now start to play the first four measures; if on the piano, one hand at a time. I know you will be tempted to go further and play the following part, too; therefore, take another sheet and place it over the piece you are playing in such a manner that only the four measures required are visible.

Stick to these four measures with stubborn tenacity. The longer you play them, the more you will find to correct, but do not leave them be-

fore you know them. Do not forget that the term "to know" includes right notes, correct time, sensible fingering, bowing (if you are a violinist), phrasing, i.e., breathing at right places (if you are a wind instrumentalist).

It is possible that you will have to work at the first four measures twenty minutes, half an hour or more, but you will always see them reappear at least once and not seldom many times later in the same composition and it will be like meeting an old friend over again.

Treat the second group of four measures the same way and on no account leave any part before you have mastered it.

This may seem a tedious and slow way of learning, but is in reality the quickest, surest and only way.

#### A word of caution:

Do not believe you will ever learn to play a passage right by playing it wrong ever so many times. If you play it wrong nineteen times and succeed the twentieth, do not think it is because, but rather in spite of playing it wrong.

Right, correct, true, from the beginning must be your rule and this can only be done by playing slowly.

Try this way of studying for a week with honest heart and willing

### A SONG WAS BORN

Compiled by Adjutant F. Barker (P)

No. 107 in The Salvation Army Song Book

YET once again, by God's abundant

mercy,

We join our song of thankfulness and

praise;

Ever the light of our Redeemer's victory

Shineth before us in the world's dark

ways.

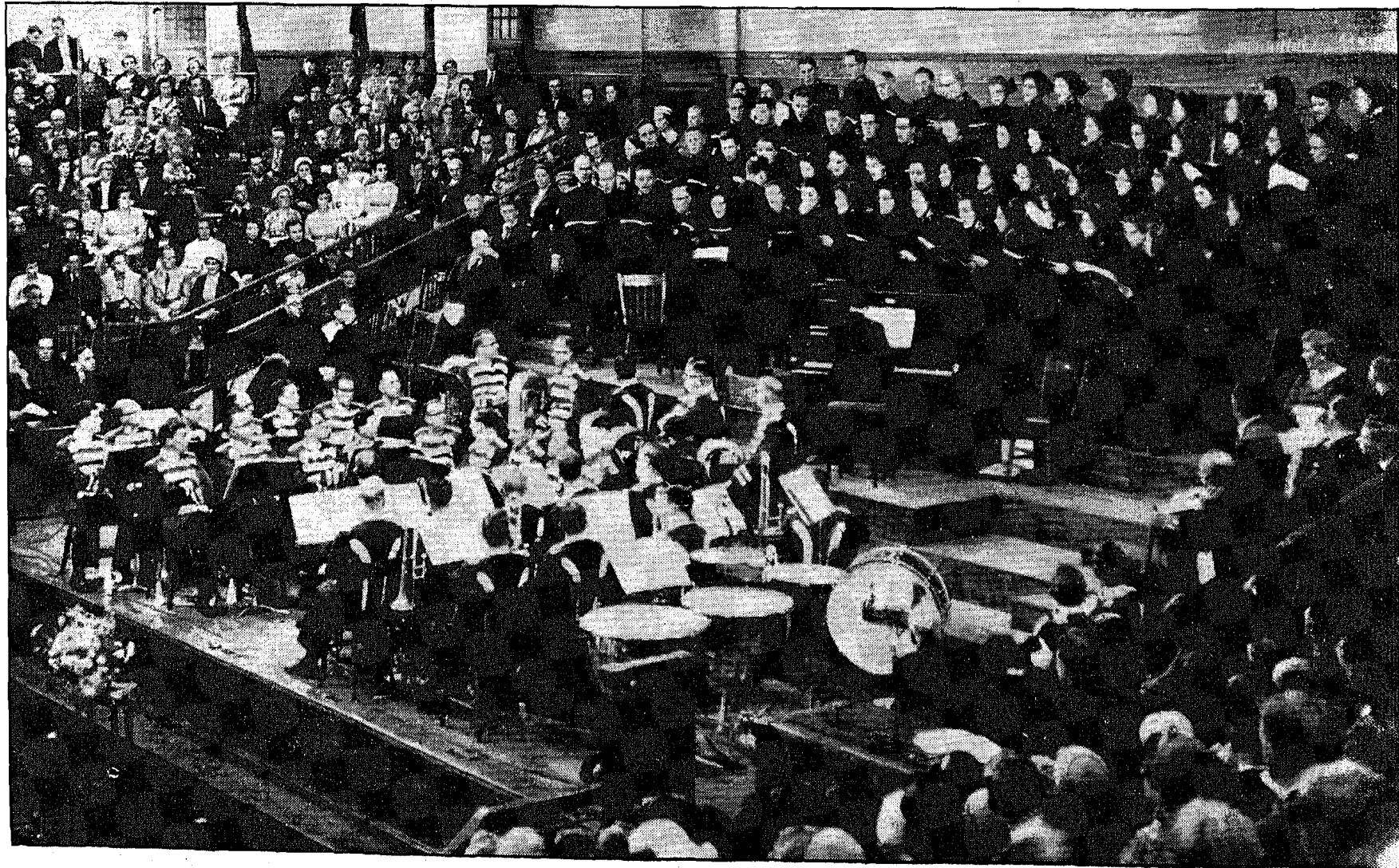
General A. Orsborn (R) wrote this song when he was a Captain. It was in memory of Captain Harry Howard, who after an attack of cholera, passed away in Madras, India.

Captain Howard, when volunteering for India, referred to his father's sketch of an early Christian seal. An altar on one side for sacrifice, a plough on the other for service, with a bullock in the centre. Below were the words, "Ready for either." Two years later, he had died, God having called him from the plough to the altar.

Part of the reason for the dedication of this poem was the influence that Commissioner Howard had on Orsborn's life. When, in his youth, he was tempted to write poetry for selfish gain, the Commissioner had warned him of the danger of this course and said, "My boy, at the end of every poem you write, even if it is invisible, let there be the words, 'In the service of Christ.'"

mind and if it does not help you along the road to success you will have the perhaps very doubtful honour of being the first who did not benefit by it.—*The Musician*

THE DANFORTH SONGSTER BRIGADE, shown in action on the platform of the Clapton Congress Hall, London, while the International Staff Band is seen below the Canadian visitors.



## ited For Service

MASTER Betty Jones and bandsman Warren McMurchy united in marriage at Newminster, B.C., by 2nd-Lieut. D. on June 26th. Bridesmaids were Joan Gill, Louise Gibson and Valerie, and Mrs. A. Leech soloed. Mr. G. Leech presided at the reception.

## ORPS REPORTS

Ageant entitled "Youth at the oads" was presented by the company to a large audience at the Point, Nfld. (Sr-Captain E. Necho). The Deer Lake (Bandmaster M. Cole) participated in recent Sunday meetings, andmaster giving the Bible ses. Two seekers for salvation several others who sought a work of grace climaxed the meetings.

ing officers who have either ted meetings or given Bible ses at Toronto Temple (Major rs. G. Oystrik) have included er L. Carswell, Brigadier S. Brigadier F. MacGillivray Sr-Captain D. Holmes, and n E. and 1st-Lieut. S. Tidman. ant-Major C. Abbott and the local officers supported the als" in the absence of the officers on furlough.

se persons knelt at the mercy- n the night meeting when and Mrs. C. Gillingham said ill to their comrades at Newminster, B.C. (Major and Mrs. aver). The Gillingham sisters sweetly and Mrs. Gillingham words of testimony and ap- tion for the prayers and help soldiery. Afterwards refresh- were served in the lower hall e home league and various des voiced thanks for the ry of their farewelling officers. Sunday on which Major and Shaver were welcomed was a of blessing, the Major giving holiness message and Mrs. r speaking at night. On an- Sunday evening Colonel and H. Saunders, of Australia, welcomed. The Colonel spoke, d his wife gave a vocal duet, Mrs. Saunders delivered the message.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY



**Bandsman William Harold Stubbings**, Oshawa, Ont., answered the Heavenly Summons after a period of lengthy illness. Born in London, England, Bandsman

ings emigrated to Canada still a young man, and lived ndsay and later in Toronto, g as a bandsman and songster Toronto I Corps. Bandsman ings served in the armed in both world wars, moving hawa following the first war. n as a faithful and reliable man, he was an influence for in the corps and in the course daily life and employment. ine quality of Christian char- was maintained even through fering illness, with a definite ony given at all times.

funeral service was conducted e Commanding Officer, Major unkin, with Sr-Major C. Dark ng. The band and songster le took part and tributes were by Brother H. Gentry and ant-Major, T. Coull. The al procession, headed by the made a stirring and solemn ssion as it moved through the city streets filled with after-crowds.

## THE FAITHFUL SUMMONED BY TAPE-RECORDED CHANT

By Walter Dinsdale, M.P., Travelling on NATO Parliamentary Association Business

A QUICK flight by an Air France Caravelle Jet aircraft brought me from Athens to Istanbul in less than one hour. Cruising 500 m.p.h. at 30,000 feet, we were projected through space with just a whisper of noise suggesting the power involved. Could there be any more concrete evidence that we are on the fringe of the space age?

Istanbul, ancient Constantinople, is perhaps, of the world's cities, the one richest in history. Sitting on the border of Asia and Europe as it does, many dramatic events in human history have taken place here. It was at Istanbul in 1453 at the famous Route of Constantinople that the Mongolian hordes were stopped from invading Europe, thus leaving the West free to develop a Christian civilization.

It was a good idea to have this NATO conference in Turkey, more so for the delegates from Europe and North America than for the Turks themselves. Like all countries in this part of the world, Turkey is rich in the relics of empires and civilizations long since dead. As our group toured the ancient mosques and museums, I thought of the words of Paul-Henri Spaak, the Secretary-General to NATO:

"History is a continuous creation, and without constant effort no human activity is proof against the erosion of time. That is why the Atlantic Alliance will be not what it was yesterday, but what we make it, day after day, so that the West which came together to face a common threat, will attain its

real unity in achieving a common purpose. The West already possesses a history, a mind, a soul; it must construct a policy. This it can do since it proclaimed, and then safeguarded, the prerogative to itself, its own history."

### THE HOLY LAND

In the minds and hearts of western man, the Holy Land has become identified as Palestine, that small strip of land at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Everyone has an urge to make a pilgrimage there at least once in a lifetime. So, following the NATO Parliamentarians' meeting in Turkey, I turned south-east to Israel for this might be my once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Turkish hospitality made the trip possible for I flew in a Turkish Air Force plane. The crew proved to be an entirely competent group and handled the plane with a level of efficiency equal to the best airlines. Although their English was limited, we got along splendidly together. They had been made aware of my air force background and invited me up front to the cockpit to take over the controls for part of the trip. There is also a warm bond of friendship between the R.C.A.F., and the T.A.F., established by the number of Turkish aircrew who have trained in Canada under the NATO Training Programme.

As we flew towards the Holy Land, I soon became aware that the term covers a much larger geographic area than Palestine. Below was the remains of the ancient city

of Antioch where the followers of Christ were first called Christians. The whole Asia Minor area is dotted with sites that have been mileposts in man's spiritual and religious development. Not only does this apply to Christianity for here, in this part of the world, also emerged Judaism and Mohammedanism.

I became keenly aware of this fact before I left Ankara, the capital of Turkey. In many respects, Ankara is a typical modern city. It was chosen by the founder of the Turkish republic, Ataturk, to be the seat of government for the new state. Largely it consists of wide boulevards, government buildings, ambassadorial residences and the usual atmosphere of any modern capital city. But there is another atmosphere tucked away in the old city.

The old city of Ankara is still surrounded by the wall built by the Romans for protection. There are traces of other more ancient civilizations as well. The influences of the Ottoman Empire, of course, predominate, particularly in the number of mosques. While we were on the summit, noon hour arrived, the time for prayer in the Moslem world.

From the top of the minarets the call went forth in an Oriental-like pentatonic chant. Notwithstanding its oriental musical qualities, the call to prayer seemed to have a juke box-like quality to it. I inquired of the driver and was informed that the Moslems no longer make the difficult and arduous ascent up the minaret to summon the faithful. Instead, they use a tape recorded chant and play it through a public address system installed in the minaret's tower. Such is the strong influence of mechanization even in this historic part of the ancient world.

UPPER RIGHT: The energetic members of the Botwood, Nfld., League of Mercy, with their Corps Officers, Sr-Captain and Mrs. C. Thompson. The Secretary is Brother M. Hale. Right centre: Eight recently-enrolled soldiers at Fort William, Ont., proudly display framed Articles of War. At left is Sergeant-Major G. Marmonier and, at right, the Commanding Officer, Captain E. Brown. Lower left: Brother and Sister G. Halvorsen and their infant daughter who was dedicated at Elliot Lake, Ont., by (right) Brigadier O. Halvorsen, by whom stands Mrs. Brigadier Halvorsen. Lower right: At Mount Pearl Corps, St. John's, Nfld., the anniversary cake is cut by the oldest soldier, Mrs. Envoy H. Trowbridge. The youngest junior soldier, Artie Dyke, stands beside her and in the background are Envoy and Mrs. A. Mansell, in charge of the corps.





## The World Lost A Ball-Player But God Found A Soul-Winner

Billy Graham Relates the Story of His Surrender to God

I'LL NEVER forget my first year in high school. Babe Ruth, the great king of baseball, came to my home town to play an exhibition game. All of us were on the front seats shouting and yelling at the top of our lungs.

My father, who had taken us to the game, arranged for me to shake hands with the great Babe. I will never forget the thrill of shaking hands with the fellow who was the idol of our young hearts. I didn't wash my hand for about three days. The next day at school I was the envy of all my friends.

During my last year in high school my keenest ambition was to be a professional baseball player. I "ate up" the sports page.

When I was sixteen, after finishing a game, I was invited to a church. I was told that a "fighting preacher" was to preach. I was interested, for anything about a

scrap or a fight was all I wanted. I forsook my studies and went to church. To my amazement, it was a great evangelistic campaign and 5,000 people were gathered.

I sat in the rear of the building, curiously watching all the strange happenings. I wasn't quite sure what would take place next. I had always thought of religion as more or less "sissy stuff," and that a fellow who was going to be an athlete would have no time for such things. It was all right for old men and girls, but not for real "he-men" with red blood in their veins. I had gone to church some, but that was all.

### "I Ducked!"

A great giant of a man stood and began to preach in such a way as I had never heard a man preach. Half-way through his message he pointed right in my direction and said, "Young man, you are a sinner."

I thought he was talking to me, so I ducked behind the person in front of me and hid my face! The idea of his calling me a sinner!

"Why, I'm as good as anybody," I told myself. "I live a good, clean, healthy, moral life. I'm even a mem-

ber of a church, though I seldom go."

But then he began to quote Scripture. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "There is none righteous, no not one," and others. For the first time in my life I realized I was a sinner, that my soul was bound for Hell and that I needed a Saviour.

But when he gave the invitation, I rushed out into the night and made my way home.

I'll never forget the struggle that followed. All night long I wrestled and fought. The next day I could hardly wait for evening, so I could get back to the service. This night I sat near the front. When the preacher got up this time, he seemed to smile at me. He said in tenderest tones that "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

I thought, "This is for me! I'm a sinner. God loves me."

When the invitation was given I made my way to the front with the others. I gave my hand to the preacher and my heart to the



Saviour. Immediately joy, peace and assurance flooded my soul. My sins which were many, I knew were gone. For the first time I had met the Person who became the Hero of my life.

I had sought thrills! I found them in Christ. I had looked for something that would bring perfect joy and happiness! I found it in Christ. I had looked for something that would bring pleasure and satisfy the deepest longing of my heart! I found it in Christ. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

Christ is the Hero and Idol of my heart. He challenges, thrills and satisfies. "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth."

### BERMUDIAN MEMORIES

I HAVE read with much interest Colonel Gideon Miller's story in *The War Cry*—a series which brought much joy and blessing to me. I well remember when I was a candidate in Somerset Corps. The Colonel was divisional commander, resided at Princess St., Hamilton, and Mrs. Miller was not well. He asked me, while I was waiting to go in training, if I would come and stay with them to help in the home as their daughter, Joy, was very young. I accepted and felt quite at home; they were so kind to me. I also assisted at the Hamilton Corps.

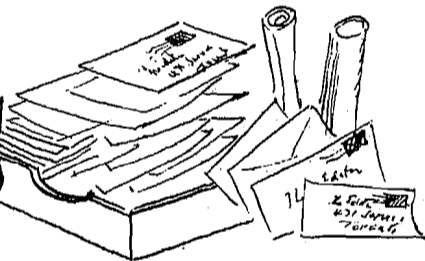
The Millers helped me spiritually, which prepared me for my future life as an officer in the West Indies. I am now an invalid, but the Colonel's life story has inspired me as I believe it has many others. The Colonel gave me a grand farewell when I left for the training college. I had to be on board the ship the night before and, after the farewell meeting the band and other soldiers marched me to the boat. Can I ever forget so much kindness? Never! I am still saved and happy.—Maud Kelly, (Envoy), Hill View Old Maid's Lane, Bermuda.

A man had called at the welfare office for the first time about a year previous. At that time he was unemployed and the family of eight were endeavouring to live in three rooms. Food was given to supplement the meagre income.

A house call later revealed that although the rooms were neat and clean, four of the younger children were forced to sleep and play in one room which had no ventilation. Food was given, and the older children were sent to the fresh-air camp for a summer holiday.

"If The Salvation Army were wiped out of London, 5,000 extra policemen could not fill its place in the repression of crime and disorder."—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon

## LETTERS To The Editor



### CANADA'S ENEMY NO. 1

I FEEL very strongly about the liquor question. To my mind it is the ruination of civilization. I do not believe that more liquor outlets is the solution; on the contrary, the more outlets the more drinking. We not only see the evil of liquor on the streets in the form of drunken men staggering about, annoying people on the streetcars and buses, and sometimes getting into serious trouble and crime, but in the home.

Some men spend their earnings on liquor while their children go hungry or are in need of clothing. While they are under the influence of liquor they feel arrogant and self-confident. They quarrel with their families and neighbours, they take God's name in vain, they do and say ever so many things that they would never think of doing or saying if they were sober. In addition they ruin their health.

### Temporary Oblivion

The reason some people drink is to drown their worries. They do not realize that they are contracting a habit into which they sink deeper and deeper. The breakup of many families is due to alcoholism, and it is the children who suffer the most, because they are robbed of a normal life, which is every child's birthright. It is the duty of every parent to give proper shelter, food and clothing to his children as well as spiritual guidance and education. When they spend their money on drink they cannot carry out these

duties, nor are their minds in a fit condition to train their children.

My advice to those who have become victims of strong drink is to turn to the Lord Jesus with your burden. He died on the cross to redeem us from all kinds of sin. He will give us grace to conquer this craving if we appeal to him humbly. Just pray a simple prayer—a prayer that comes from the heart, and God will help you. There is a wonder-working power in prayer.

Catherine Livingston, Saskatoon

### LONGS FOR THE OLD-TIME POWER

AT a recent church convention here in Ontario, it was said that there was wide-spread ignorance and confusion among many people regarding the teaching of the Christian Church, said to be due to the congregation's lack of Bible study. That may be to a certain extent correct, but I believe much of the trouble is the result of the modern interpretation of the Bible by some pastors. "Thus saith the Lord" is not important these days.

Repentance, conversion and sanctification are not taught by many today, so we need not be surprised at the aforesaid confusion, and an increase in crime.

The spiritual life as seen in so many of our Army corps concerns me. While there may be many folks in uniform, how many respond to the leader's call for prayer or testimony? "Amen" or "Praise the Lord" rejoicings are seldom heard,

and should someone shout "glory" one often sees a frown, sometimes even on the face of the leader! Do not this show there is not much glory or thankfulness in our ranks. It is time we got back to the old time religion and to the "old way" where the waters are sweet, or will soon be just another religious concern without spiritual power to defeat the powers of darkness as people once had. When I joined the Army I was shown that power was not much without possession; I claimed salvation sixty years ago and still retain it.—J. Clarie Chatham, Ont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: While we are with much of our brother's plaint, feel that lack of shouting should not be taken as an indication of a lack of spirituality. People are of different temperaments; some like to worship God in quietness, others more boisterously. We should respect the others' viewpoint and give vent to hearty response when the shouter knows he is the one doing it? Such an attitude may well bring a frown, although it is thinkable that a leader would publicly rebuke a comrade. Perhaps was a frown of thoughtfulness, mist for one of disapproval.

### SIX CANDIDATES—ONE CO

I WAS most interested to see an old group picture of the Rideau Songster Brigade in a recent *War Cry*. I was the commanding officer at the time the picture was taken, and had the honour of commissioning the leader, the late loved Brigadier John Wood.

I was in charge of the corps of six of the members of the brigade who were to enter training college all of whom have given useful service to the Army. They are (were): Lieut.-Colonel and Mr. Wood, Brigadier John Wood, Brigadier G. MacGillivray, Major MacGillivray, and Mrs. Brigadier MacGillivray.

My wife and I spent over years at this historic corps.—J. Snowden, Sr.-Major, Jackson's 1 Ont.